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Nevaeh

Book: 68

Sins of the Fallen Angel

Part: 1

Preface:

Death is not something, that I thought about at the age of ten. I would have never thought it would be like this… I- we are not saying anything now and let you judge for yourself at what you think. You know I would never really say- all that much to anyone- real about this- like how I was going to pass on in this life. Yet I had never really given myself any belief to do such a thing, for passing one like this was not something to do that for. Ages- months- day- weeks- years I have reasoned with this thought. Would you

have guessed that it would have ended like this- I would not have…? I would not even make-believe it like this.

This all began with me sitting in school, day in and day out looking over all the others around me- yet none was like- he was- not the Joy yet the joy- you get- get that? I sit with a spoon in my mouth- staring at this- boy I do not understand- yet cannot help being feel is right to me. I got up to dump my tray, I felt like I was holding my breath in- and did not know why- when I happened to see his eyes catching a glimpse of mine. Awe- that loving feeling is all that makes me feel right in this gay- of a school lunchroom.

Making my way as I walk not trying to trip over all the chair legs being all stumble's I start to see the end of the long room come to me, into the obscure eyes of the stalker- the boy, that never lets me out of his eyes sight, and he looked pleasantly back at me. I know that you would say it was not an effective way to end- like- a young life- I see you think, but with me and who I am, I okay with it… I think. I feel lost in his eyes like being in a dream of someone, and something no me… nevertheless, I love. It is all good here- flashing light starts to play out as I investigate his gaze and I haze in my day lost in love land; I do not know if I am

standing of flouting in his hart- it was that warm… not could at all- like the rest of the faces.

I hope- beyond hope, this would amount to be of something- like lasting- and forever even in the forbiddingness this it is. I strongly heated this freaking town. The one where I knew that I had to go back too… I would have never thought of going back to Bradford, for anything- not a friend- not my dad- only the chances to be in the arm of him- the boy with the eyes that take me away. Yet if I had not done this, I would not be looking into my demise at this very moment- like you must be feeling too.

Funny I keep have flashes about this- like hot moments of him laying with me- yet that was upcoming- but felt as they already have taken place. Content- yes, but- oh so frightened of not knowing what a boy like him was going to do with my- body, mind, and soul… I was all his- investigated his grasp like- I would not let myself feel shamelessness, for this all, what he did, and did not do… I feel in a way it was all my choice. Dream what they give- and what life hands you crossed path to me- so dreamy- beyond and on top of it all you feel- lost in depth- of any of your outlooks or viewpoints, it is not sensible to feel sadden when it all

concludes where you are ripped back it the real world of BS. I want to dram all day in these boys' eyes- where there are no lies- in the hope of young love- to take place. The stalker grinned with the perfect white cast at me- and the smooth face, and exactly right body that would mold oh so fine with mine- on my bed. In a friendly- I wanted all that too- it was a dream I had- like finding him out from the inside out- the way he strolled forward, was killing me, yet I was thrusting for it like he was of me.

1

Long ass day- mom was at the wheel, singing songs for the 90’s- rocking out a way to hard. I was not happy yet, not told- some would say emotionless- off to the train station- yes, I had the window down my head out like a sick puppy. My dark hair flapping in the wind. My eyes sheng in the sunlight, my lips too in pink.

My face- light- and glassing with a shin too- yet with light pink cheeks and freckles. Not could not too warm it was in my mom’s hometown of I do not give a shit- you would know where it is anyway.

So why say it… the heavens above a faultless, cloudless light blue on

the top and darker on the bottom. I was wearing my favorite shirt- tank top, lacey and pink- that is my favorite color if you did not know- what I am young girl here… I like pink like girls like buying undies, which are see-through and stingy. My dad is going to have a shit over knowing that one- yet most do at my old school.

I was wearing it as a farewell gesture- like an F- U to the town that I feel suck old man balls! All the kids pick on me for were such a ratty thing. By handbag spotted like a Dalmatian dog. 3 tops 4 jeans 2 skirts- and 5 pairs of undies. A toothbrush- and bush, and lip gloss also… all that is mine or so mom

said. I was from a sucky town and went to sucky school where they all just sucked- end of story… a small shit dump- where it smelt like cow shit. Now I am off to a place where it is always covered with low fog. Where are dumps gushes of prowling down rain all the freaking time!

ALL THE TIME!

Crappie… It showers on this petty town more than any other place in the United States of America, or so that is how I feel about it. Some would say it depressed- yet how I see it with my eyes that need the change. The place where my mom had me oh like 15 & ½ year a go-

do ask about the random sex they had to make this dumb ass girl! Gross! They did not last yet me I did back and forth to the one that loves to heat each other.

Love is good- no?

No one keeps it though… yet that was before looking into those eyes… It was in this town, that I had been bound to spend a summer break there every summer.

I am going for 11- and this was where I had my friends… if you can call them that most- older- some younger it is more than what I have the land where they all suck! And suck in not an effective

way! I remember back- my dad- a goof- someone that you fall for fast… or so my mom said.

Gross!

It was here in this town, that I now émigré myself- an act, that I took with boundless dismay. I loathed my old school- the teachers, and all of it. I loved it here in the spring days- with the colors- yet I was never her in the school, I was worried about that one fact there.

I loved the sun and the blistering heat, and all the boys in there swimming shorts, and rock-hard chests, just like the girls with their killer bodies, that I do not

have- not yet anyway. I think girls can be cute… I loved the dynamic, extensive village. The train rides long- and foggy- or highs and lows- and tall viaducts- that are 3,000 feet (about the height of the Burj Khalifa, the tallest building in the world) in the air. The cars old- 1800's even if it is 2016.

Where the glass is smudged with fingerprints- and the coffee is raunchy, like the mood of the girl getting the tickets. The cars on the outside golden-orange- whoop- is what I hear as I go to bed in the sleeper, hearing the steamer- work hard on the hills. A new day starts a

new life for me- in the eyes of the death path.

'Lily,' at last of a thousand my mom said to me- the times before I had gotten the train. 'You don't have to do this…' she was crying for the only reason was my school life sucked hard, and I was not taking any more harassment and names. Some have said I look more like my dad them my mom- yet really, I do not know.

I see my nose- with my dad- and my lips my mom. Eyes are my dad’s… like cerulean… my dad’s gray- so I have that look to in low light. The boy with the eyes-

I felt a tremor of anxiety as I stared at her wide, innocent, un-deflowered, childlike, and vary naïve eyes.

Me-Like- how can I leave my affectionate, uneven, crazy mother to find myself, as she did back before I was made? She had my stepdad now- that just did not get me, so the bills would get paid now that I was not the big mouth in the way of the sex all the time, gross! I do not want to know all that- looking at her kissing on the lips! Then she asks where my mouth has been- yes you got it!

There would be food in the refrigerator, gas in her car, and my room

for their office now, and my sister has the floor as she did in the school, on the other hand... 'I want to go- to get away from it all,' I lied… about being okay… I have… I permanently have been a bad liar, yet not at this one… but I have been proverbing this lie so-o many times, and so freaking frequently times lately, that it sounds almost convincing to her- and dad 2 does not even give a shit. I still love your dad, I just not in love with him- I never was- tell him hello to me!

- Okay!

'I will… mommy' I said sighing as I go on the step of the train car… Mom- 'A

big trip for a little 10-year-old- yet she is fine I no- she’s strong… and been through a- lot! I will not be seeing you for a while you know that… I went for the next step looking back.' 'You can come home whenever you want, you know that… (I was thought only if numb nuts dump you)- I'll come right back as soon as you need me, whenever you feel you need me there.' Nevertheless, I could see the disadvantage in her eyes behind the promise. 'Don't worry about me at all.'

I commended. 'It'll be fine without you. I love you, Mommy.' (And- she was off…) She embraced me tightly for a minute, besides then I got on the

train, and she was gone. Dad had honestly not noticed a thing about me coming- He gave the impressions sincerely delighted, that I was coming to live with him for the first time with all the time now- any degree of immovability. He would already get me itemized for high school, then was going to help me get a car- like- a nice new car I thought. Awkward- everything is weird with a boy that is your dad- like in a room with him next to me or peeping in on me, like- doing things… it is so-o going to freak me out- like how do I talk girl stuff with DAD?

Or a dad like his has been to me- the high five dad- you get the type. But

then again it was sure to be with him anyway. Neither one of us… was what anyone would call talkative. Like- when they saw us together in the past days, and I did not know what was said regardless, or what to say… I knew he was more than a little confused about having a girl to look over- he could hardly take care of himself- by my pronouncement- like my mother before me, I had not made a secret of my revulsion for Bradford. I did not see it as a sign of something bad- just mandatory. I would by this time say my goodbyes to the sun also- so I can get even whiter.

I made it- of the steps of the last car- number 19- Daddy was waiting for me with the hard hat steel on. This I was expecting, too.

A Barns and Tucker head engineer- of the continuous meaner breathing coal dust to make a life for himself- and my stepsister Emely.

Continuous mining utilizes a Continuous Miner Machine with a large rotating steel drum, equipped with tungsten carbide teeth that scrape coal from the seam. Most others on having water running down their backs into their ass cracks. My most important impulse

behindhand ordering a car, and notwithstanding the shortage of my resources, was that I was saying no to be driven around town in a company periwinkle blue Prius. Nothing say’s straight gay like that!

Dad gave me an uncomfortable, armed around the boob’s- or lack of them- hug- from the side, when I stumbled into him. 'It's good to see you, hun,' he said, smiling as he routinely caught me like I was five and no boys were looking- and stabilized me. He said- you have not changed much a- lot. How is your mom? 'Mom's fine… she asked about you- so like call- we have the technology… It's good to

see you, too, Dad- but… you need to be less hug-ie.'

I was not allowed to call him by his name to his face… yet dad was hard for me too. I had only a few bags… Most of my LA. Clothes were too holey and skimpy for PA- some would say slut in these parts, not for LA. My mom and I had pooled our incomes to extra my wintertime apparel, still, it was revealing. It all fit easily into the suitcase with wheels… that I feel a concern along. 'I instigate a good car for you, really cheap,' he proclaimed when we were short of money.

2

I now have my permit- yet I can sweet-talk him into let me go to school alone- it is not that far… What kind of car? - I said the dumb question hoping for something that would not want me to roll up into a little ball and hope to dye… I was doubtful of dad's pick of cars- and cool rides, it’s a good little heavy car- a good car for you to start with' as opposed to just 'good car.' 'Well, it's an automobile sweaty, a ford.'

Fords suck dad! So- but not this one… hun… he said snickering like to me as I roll my eyes wonder what this shit

looks like- it must be cute or it going to kill me. yet on like must I at least now have a car- cool for that thanks daddy- I am grateful for this… money is tight and works hard to find- and kids today bratty ass wipes that do not get it- yet I do- I happy… I just want wonderful things that are all. My friend got a 1990 blue Cadillac Deville for form her dad on her birthday- I like it old but powerful… old class- it worlds… you can party in the back of that thing! She would know she has- with her boy.

I am sure that is where she lost her virginity.

Something I need to do- to not suck at life so hard. 'Where did you find it?' I built it for you over the last winter… 'Do you remember me saying about this project I had- 'No.' I said wondering what?

'What year is it?'

I asked more than worried… I could see from his change of expression with mine like- he knew I would heat this car. That this was the question he was hoping I would not ask. To see if I would approve of him- and his work, and his dad skills… 'Well, I have done a- lot of work on the engine a small block 8- it's only a few

years old order the granddad, really.' WHAT? I said- ha yah here it is hun… 'He hot road-ed a 1932 ford sedan for me.'

Really- wow- I did not know they had care back then… all cram and tan inside- all new inside and out they do not make um like this anymore- you can say that again I said no sure what to make of the whole thing. I opened my eyes to that- to me it was a go-kart… that you feel like you are going to die in. 3 ON THE FLOOR- what does that mean… ha, you learn- to drive a real car. Do you like the striping on it? I hoped he did not think so little of me as to believe I would give up that easily on something new. 'When did

he buy it? I didn’t find it in a hayfield over in a junkyard.'

'The man 83 years ago get this thing new, and it was bought?' Funny- dad- so yes, it is a new car… yes for everting is re-done- he had his whole red nick family in this thing- 'gross!' I did not eat- I did not sleep- all I did was work on this thing after work for you to have when you got home. 'Dad, I don't know anything about cars.

I wouldn't be able to fix it if anything went wrong, and I couldn't afford a mechanic...' Nothing is going to back on this thing- and if so let me

know… and it has taken care of… ', Lily, the thing runs great. They don't build them like that anymore.' You are calling me Lily now? Is that okay- sure I like it… The thing is, I thought to myself... some- it had potentials - as a nickname, at the very least. 'How cheap is cheap?'

30,000, that was the part I could not compromise on. You did not do that… yes for you- remember I did love you all your life- I hope this makes up for the time lost. Yep… I think I may love this car… I hope… He peeked sideways at me with a hopeful expression I should have given- yet he got a thumbs up, and I walked out of the garage. Wow- wow-

wow- and huh? I am going to get murdered for driving this… 'You didn't need to do that, Dad. I was going to buy myself a car.' It has done… here are the keys… see if you like it… (Test drive) it does not even have a radio- do not need it with how to load this thing is- lesion to that baby perrrrrrr! 'I don't mind… really- sighing… I spoke. You do not know what you have… do you? What…? NO. Something guys assassinate for! Remember that… I want you to be pleased here you know, that right?'

Um… He was looking ahead at the road when he said this… in I was tugging on the wheel- Dad was not

comfortable with expressing his emotions aloud. I inherited that from him. So, I was looking straight ahead as I responded.

'That's nice, Dad. Thank you- (hug) I appreciate all this… whatever this is…' he was looking at me with glass eyes wondering what I was thinking about his project, that I didn't like- I knew him that well to know that I was hurting him for not like this… I could see it in he is fading eye color. Besides, I give up looking in his body as he sits slouched in the set. No need to add that in, me being happy in this town is hopelessness- with this thing. He did not need to suffer along with me for not getting it. Yet I am not saying

anything about something that is free or given to me as a gift. 'Well, now, you're welcome,' he muttered, self-conscious by me thank you 1,000 times.

Outside looking out- The entire thing was jade: the trees, their trunks enclosed with moss, their branches droopy with a canopy of it, the ground covered with leaves. Even the air filtered down greenly through the leaves.

We stared out the windows in silence. We swapped a few more comments on the weather, boys, my period, and gross things that dad should never know about a girl alone time in her

room- and where she keeps all that- me- which was wet, need a bathroom bark and him to go away so I could go to my room- something else that was old and musty… and that was the dialogue. Thought in my room will find out myself deep down- It was lovely, unquestionably; I could not deny that fact. In a round room- I lay in bad and can see out… It was too green- and colorful to me.

Yet all I wanted to do was get off- and get to reading a book and go to bed. About the time I got their dad bust in the door seeing it all- so freaked I do not think I will ever play with myself again, yet do you stop or keep going is the

question. Eventually, we made it past the fact that I was spread sparing all of it on the clean sheets- all he got out was welcome home Lily- that is all he said- walking back out the door. (I did even no she knew how to finger. Awe- wow I do not want to know this- where's here mom- or getting her this- Lelo Ella dil… Ah- I can say that? Not even down the hall, I hear her, and the humming- I not ready for this…) He still lived in the small, two-bedroom house that he had bought with my mother in the early days of their marriage. I look in the glass- and see me the girl with like no chest- I see my hair- as I flip it back over my shoulders… I am

not happy with me- or him- or the car- or life, or the fact I have no private just to have some girlie alone time. The door is never locked it would lock… so what do I do about that one? Those were the only kind of days their marriage had- life and play in it. back in the day where they nicked on the street- and feel it up in their room all the time- gross- yet I know that too- in front of the house it has never changed, all yellow and cracked with paint- the windows fogged with steam from hot to cold. I was never like new- well, new to me- like the car in the garage- just something parched over and make as they say right. The care has

rounded fenders and a swollen cab and 4 doors, not 2.

It a sports car? I asked new- buy it has the kind of power- I was like yah, right? This would blow the jeans of these boys Toyotas; I go to school with and see two kids banging in one that what got me… I see sex is something they study here… this place is shitty, to say the least- I to my penetrating astonishment, I loved it… when I see how the boys look at me in it- but one boy. I did not know if it would run like this, but I could see myself in it… downing my hair and make-up and blowing kisses to him. He is my fantasy in the day before I sleep and in my sensual

dreams it is all about him- yet I not going to pass up on other looks… I am a girl. And more, it was one of those solid iron dealings that never gets damaged even if so- you are okay with it- the Japanese car’s if I were to wreck would be destroyed yet I could roll this.

'Wow, Dad, I love it! Thanks! I said after coming home for school the first day I did get to say much to anyone I was in la-la land with the boy with the eyes and the hair- and the car.' Just daydream- there nothing on the first day anyways other than hi- and this is what you will be doing, and you all have an A for now. I got so sick of hearing that line-

okay that nice. (Back) It took only one trip to get all my things upstairs and into my new girly room. I here- like- acquired the western facing bedroom, which looks out over the back yard. The room was at home with; it had been being in the right place for me since I was born. The wooden floor, the light pink walls, the shiny tin like ceiling, the white lace curtains around the window and pulled back in V- shapes -these were all a part of my childhood, yet I am not a little girl- yet daddy is not getting, that one- like her docent even think I sexily active- ha. The only changes made were what my dad has made were moving the crib out for a big

girl's bed, and even that is a day bed, and adding a desk as I grew, and taking down the playpen. The desk now held a secondhand typewriter that is 1888, and a phone with the cord on it- and an old apple 2 next to that no internet the line for the modem stapled along the floor to the nearest phone jack. This was a stipulation from my mother so that we could stay in touch easily.

The rocking chair from my baby days was still in the corner. There was only one small bathroom at the top of the stairs I did not even have my own, which I would have to share with Dad. I was trying not to dwell too much on that fact.

One of the best things about dad is he does hover- and that is also the sad thing too. He left me alone to unpack and get settled, as you know, a feat that would have been altogether impossible for my mother not to have busted in on too- yet she is a girl. It was nice to be alone, not to have to smile, as well as look satisfied; a relief to stare dejectedly out the window at the sheeting rain and let just a few tears escape. I was not in the mood to go on a real crying spree. I would save that for bedtime after- or in the hot shower where you could not see me doing it when I would have to think about the coming morning. Bradford High School had a

terrifying total of only three hundred and sixty-five - now two hundred- students; that was on the first day the drops started, many for the teachers saying give up on yourself- and smock pot- or something like that… there were more than seven hundred people in my junior class alone back home. All the kids here had grown up together- their grandparents had been toddlers together.

(Back)

I would be the new girl from the big city, a snooping, and a freak creeper. If I looked like a girl from Pa should, I would think this way… said, dad. Like

putting something on that is not see-through, nevertheless and, I have never fit in anywhere really. I should be tan, sporty, blond-haired person with big blue eyes- yeah- no- a volleyball player, or an ass shaking cheerleader all the things that go with existing in the valley of the sun rays. As an alternative, I was ivory-tender, without even the reason for blue eyes or light brown hair, despite the constant sunshine. I had always been slender than most of the others in my grade at home with mom, but easy-going somehow, visibly not a sports person; I did not have the essential hand-eye coordination to play sports, like without

embarrassing myself- and harming both myself and anyone else who stood too close. When I broke down putting my clothes in the old white dresser, I took my purse moving of my shoulder and down to the bathroom floor necessities and went to the communal bathroom to clean myself up after the day of travel. I looked at my face in the mirror as I brushed through my tangled, damp hair. May-hap's it was the light, then again already I- myself looked washed-out, all-natural without makeup and clothing just all me showing. My skin could like me could be pretty- if not for this and that- all the things a girl like me wants to change… we

all do not say we do not. It was noticeably clear, almost translucent-looking- but it all depended on color. I had no color here… to speak of- facing my pallid reflection in the mirror, I was forced to admit that I was lying to myself, that I would be love for me. It was not just substantially that I would never fit in anywhere.

Plus, if I could not treasure a place in a school with three thousand individuals, what were my odds here? According to legend, when a human dies and then returns to the world as a fallen angel, he or she no longer has a soul. The unlucky individual is now a fallen angel. It

was once believed that mirrors cast back the image of the body and the soul; therefore, if you did not have a soul, you could not have a reflection. Mirrors also used to contain some silver (not anymore, so do not go and break yours up trying to score beer pennies), which could also have made a fallen angel's reflection hard to see. Silver, as pretty much everyone knows, is toxic to the undead. Seriously, if you do not know that what you have been doing with your life? Enjoying it?

Knows that fallen angels suck … your blood!

Seriously though, do you know the history behind modern fallen angel lore? These creatures of the night have been lurking around for an exceptionally long time, although the princes and princesses of darkness have taken on different guises and mythologies throughout the ages. Here are some things you did not know about fallen angels. If the items on this list are old news to you, you might want to look in the mirror and check for a reflection… your blood! Okay. It did not work so well at that time. Ancient Egyptians had all kinds of gods. The warrior goddess Sekhmet had the bad habit of walking

among men, slaughtering them and then drinking up all their blood. She needed thousands of jugs of blood, sometimes mixed with beer, either to quench her incredible thirst or because she was an unstoppable party animal. One of her nicknames was the 'Lady of the Bloodbath.'

Another was 'Lady Who Maybe Stole My Cellphone.' If she ever is reincarnated, you might want to refrain from inviting her over for your next Halloween costume party, because she will ruin bobbing for apples like that. Let us see, cows are grouped in herds, geese gather in gaggles, fish in schools…What

would you call a large group of fallen angels flying your way? Well, other than 'nothing good is about to happen,' you could officially say, 'Look, there’s a brood, clutch, clan, coven or pack of fallen angels over there. We should head in the opposite direction. Wait, I dropped my thesaurus. Don’t leave me, the only friend!' Why I say this and what I must compare to with the eyes of the stocker. All right, the fact that the historical Dracula was not a nice guy is stating the obvious, but the level of his evil is quite shocking. It was said that Vlad of Walachia, who also went by 'Vlad the Impale,' never ate a meal without

Ottoman Turks, impaled on stakes, dying all around him. This 15th century Romanian monster left, at one time, 20,000 corpses stuck on pikes outside of his castle as a warning to all who would dare challenge him. When a corpse became too rotten to display any longer, Vlad had no problem making a new one to take its place. He took his nickname very seriously. ('Vlad the Home Decorator' never quite took.) This does not always work. If a fallen angel bites you, not all hope is lost.

Different societies believed there were different cures for the affliction known as Fallen angelism. Here are some

things you can do if you suspect those marks on your skin are not from a mosquito, or you want to keep an unwanted fallen angel away: ... Eat lots of Basil- No ... Gather hawthorn branches and use them as a repellent (they also make lovely wreaths) ... Bury potential fallen angels face down so they will dig the wrong way when trying to get out (fallen angels are mad dumb.) ... Spread salt around the house- NO ... Wear a cross (an easy decision) - NO - Decapitate the fallen angel bothering you- Yes, they hunt you down- for that moment they so need with you- love or creepy?

You pick…? … Wear iron (not silver) jewelry- NO … And finally, scatter seeds around your house because fallen angels like counting them and can get distracted, which will give you time to escape.

Myth does not know… - No Can be killed with a wooden stake yet that old customs. Well, suck your blood for fun- Yes and No… their fussy these days, like the will not pre- untouched girls… that how most boys should be.

3

I did not communicate/interact well with people my age at all or at least

in my hometown I did not. The truth was that I did not relate well to girls, period and boys or just dumb d*ick suckers at my old school.

Even my mother, who I was closer to than anyone else, was never in agreement with me, about my choices of what I wanted in life, never- ever on precisely the Lily page. Now and then, I marveled at seeing the things within my eyes, which the rest of the world was seeing within theirs. There was a fault in the stars, some were down the line, in my life, and my brain. Conversely, the reason did not matter… All that signified was the

result or outcome of all that I and they see.

Besides, tomorrow would be just the commencement. Do what is magnificent to me and you. I did not sleep well last night, and even after- like- I was done crying. The continuous whizzing of the showers, besides the wind across the roof, would not diminish into the upbringing. As I pulled the faded old quilt over my head wishing I were not scared of everything and everyone- the past hunting me like he eyes investigate mine in my room even if I do not know him yet, and later added the pillow under me to rub on- it feels good like a boy would

when you need a hug. However, I could not fall into a slumber 'til after twilight, and the moon showing its soft light down on me when the rain lastly developed into a softer relaxed trickle overhead in bed. The dense fog- broke away in the sky so I could see all this out the double doors on to the veranda of my room, was all I could see out my window in the daybreak, as well as I could feel the in closed spaces was all like creeping up on me. You could never see the sky here or so I thought; it was like a barred enclosure. Mealtime with dad was a quiet event before the school day like at 6 am. He said to me- good luck at school- hun… and do not get

pageant. I winked and walked out of the room rolling my eyes with a simple look on my face. Good luck has a habit of dodging me, for I suck hard- at life, and everything wants to suck that out of me too. Daddy after me, off to the mains for an earl shift, that is his wife and family to him breathing in a little coal dust- that was what made him feel alive- you can hear it in his whizzing hacking. I would drive away- looking for the right roads to go down to be the doors on time…

(Thoughts about the home)

My mother had stained the filing cabinet seventeen years ago, to bring

some daylight into the house. Over the small firebox in the next-door small, yet a family-sized room was a row space were pictures hung next to the steps. Look over all this slowly- like I am doing now- the first photo- a wedding picture of mom and dad in a small church outside the town some… then there is one of the three of us in the hospital after I was born lovely- and gross, taken by a caring RN, keep an eye on by the demonstration of my school pictures up to last year's- look at that girl that has no teeth in the 5th grade- and then braces in the 9th. Those were awkward to look at- I would have to see what, I could do to get dad to put them

somewhere else so I do not have to see him go down the line saying the - old story that, I have heard over and over about me being the little girl he has loved- and lost- like- to his b*itch of a wife, at least while I was living here I saw that… It was awkward, being in this house, not to grasp, that dad had never gotten over my mom even if it is a man about it- he loves her still. It made me feel uncanny and mysterious about everything I do not get. Is that how you would define 'uncommentable'…?

That nice for that is not the right wording, and you should know that… I did not want to be too early to school or

tardy, on the other hand, I could not holiday in the restaurant any longer. Yours truly threw on my jacket- which had the feel blob-ie of a way too big- and controlled out into the showers- falling harder now. It was just hammering down still, not enough to soak me through- directly as I reached for the check to pay- that was always hidden under the cup- I had with coffee in it. Now out and under, the roof space by the door, and looking up. The splashing of my new spotted water-resistant rubber boots was fear-provoking- to me was it had never rained before in my hometown. I missed the pavement and not the typical crunch of

gravel as I walked. I could not pause, also to appreciate my car again, as I wanted to do so- I was in a panic to get out of the misty wet, which whirled around my head and body, and clung to my hair getting all matted down with drippage. Inside the car, it was nice and dry, yet I did not wat to get the inside muddy or wet, yet I did not see doing just that. It will clean off- my dad said- the night before- do not worry about it… it is an everyday driver car. My dad had noticeably cleaned it up, but the tan padded seats still smelled new, yet the car has, that used old must, like old gasoline and oil. The v8 engine started quickly, like always after cocking

it… to my relief, it is old yet good, but loud roaring to life, and then idling at top volume until I had it set right. Well, a truck this old was bound to have a flaw.

The antique radio worked, a plus, that I had not expected. Finding school was not tough the second time around, the school was, like most other things, dark and depressed, just off the- what that call a highway. It was not obvious that it was a school; only the sign, which declared it to be Bradford High School, made me stop and think I would fit in some now- like a fresh start. Like looking at something from the 1950’s, built with burgundy-colored bricks. There were so

many trees and shrubs, that I could not see- big to small… where is the feeling of the organization? I wondered nostalgically. Where were the mesh fences blocking out the rest of the world- and the town?

I parked in front- with the first-year students- for I was cut off by most- yet they know me now by the car- the lot with the building which had a small sign over the door reading breeze-way- to hallway. No one else was parked there, so I was sure it was off restrictions, on the other hand, I obvious I would get directions inside be some creep wanting to feel me up instead of circling in the

rain outside like an idiot like I wanted to do. Already it is going to be a long year. I stepped unwillingly out of the toasty truck cab and walked down a little stone path lined with dark hedges. I took a deep breath before opening the door. Inside, it was brightly lit and warmer than I had hoped. The office was small; a little waiting area with padded folding chairs, orange-flecked commercial carpet, notices, and awards cluttering the walls, a big clock ticking loudly. Plants grew everywhere in large plastic pots as if there was not enough greenery outside. The room was cut in half by a long counter, cluttered with wire baskets full

of papers and brightly colored flyers taped to its front. There were three desks behind the counter, one of which was staffed by a large, red-haired woman wearing glasses. She was wearing a purple T-shirt, which immediately made me feel overdressed. The older blond-gray haired woman looked up. 'Can I help you- she was nasty in more than one way?' Everything looked straight out of the 50s. 'I'm Lily Lea Kingston- Amzel- or was before, I was adopted by the daddy, I know Mr. Anderson.' I remember a little my stepbrothers and sisters like- Gracie and Grant, there were many- I see the many graves in my mind and that house.

'I have your schedule right here, and a room buddy of the school.' I well-versed her, the girl next to me said here I got this- and saw the instantaneous awareness light her eyes- like she had a girl crush on me. Do not hurt me- I said out load- oh I was not just going to show you around- why? I want to be silly- she said. I was expected, a topic of gossip no doubt.

The woman looks up and said this is my daughter, I asked her to do this for your new- be nice you too. And have fun and welcome to Bradford hun! Say hello to your dad, he was a slacker in my class back in the day- your mom my pet! I

smiled some and walked out the door with her girl holding my hand awkwardly- I do not want the boys or one to think the wrong thing. Girls can do that right…? 'Undeniably,' she said… to me for I was thinking aloud. I get sick of hearing that one too, I can say what is on my mind. She dug through a precariously stacked pile of documents on her desk till she found the ones she was looking for. She brought several sheets to the counter to show roe, as I sat in homeroom with the boys looking at this girl- be too chatty with me- and like I was something they did not understand.

To friendly some- a boy was sniffing my hair. Also looking down my backside. She went through my classes for me, prominence the best route to each call even if the school is a nightmare to get from one place to the other. Doors that lock- themselves, I love it! Boys that cannot keep their hands to themselves I love it! Teachers that do not see anything- but you; I love that too! She gave me a yellow slip as late pass, so I would have each teacher sign stating- I was the new- be, asshole from CA! CA to PA! I became with you on the second day! Which I was to bring back at the end of the day with all the names to see if I was making it as

an ass here. If I hear about this girl bleed one more time- I going to shove something in here- and it is not there- I just want to jab pins in my ears! Back to my first class, this girl was with me the whole freaking day- sucking my butt- not literary, but close She smiled at me and hoped, like dad, that I would like it here in this d*ick of a town- was I well pledger it as I did in my hometown. Speaking of that god look at that boy looking at me yet again- I smiled back as realistically as I could of his dreaminess. When I went back out to my car, now at the end of day two, other students were starting to arrive outside with me in the lot. I drove

around the school back to the lot I should have been in seeing all the - faces within the day- their mouth hang some with me being in my ride… following the line of traffic out and down the hill. I was glad to see, that I was not killed or flipped off- nothing flashy look at the tiny sh*it wagons.

All 2000s and crappy made… on the road- coming up to my home where I now live- I passed all the home were some have less than me- was that possible? The few lower-income neighborhoods, I could see that they were hatting on the prey girls- the group I may get it with some hope, it the boy with dreamy eyes takes

me… anyway- my home is one of the shitty- nicest home as they call it… I hear chat already about me and where I come from. Something I did deserver to just have fallen out of my ass hole. They did see the car- yet that is going to be next, I am sure. It was a common thing to see a new type of student in their clicks. The nicest car here was a shiny Toyotas only a year old, and it stood out… next to the miss maxed dinged up and jacked up crap everyone else had Still, I cut the engine as soon as I home and pull in the driveway- reflecting on the day- as I was in a spot of time lost in the daydream of the boy so that the thunderous volume

stopped with a backfire- that would not draw attention of the old bitchy lady next door that I know she thinks I am the new town slut. Yet her grandchild girls on the see-saw are getting off- and no one gets that one. It is bouncing the sit out of it… rub and play, that all I will say…

(Back)

I looked at the agenda, trying to memorize it now the days and the rotations- with the times that change too; with any luck, I would not have to walk around with it stuck in front of my nose all day, like the kick my ass sing on my back and re-tard on my forehead with

black sharpie. I stuffed everything in my handbag that is bigger than me, with ever food snack and drink you could want, slung the strap over my shoulder, and sucked in a huge breath one that I did not think I needed to take- yet I would surely pass out. I can do this sh*it! I lied to myself weakly. No one was going to bite me- not yet anyway- with some of the eyes on me- and with some of the looks I was getting- I was begging to wonder that one also. So far, I knew I would be asking for it if I could get it- and I want him- oh yes him to do just that… kiss and suck on me, that what every girl wants- right? I kept my face pulled back into my hood as I

walked to the sidewalk, crowded with teenagers. My plain black jacket did not stand out, I discerned with the release.

4

Back thinking about the day…

The classroom was small. The individuals in front of me stopped just inside the door as we wanted of the first bell, off down the halls you see the kid in their lockers or fiddling with the lock on their way for homeroom. I imitated them and did as they did, they were 50 or so girls, one a porcelain- colored blond-haired person, the other also pale, with light brown hair and the others had dark to what I could

see without glasses it was a fresh look I was trying. At least my skin would not be a standout here, with all the others that a far face like fallen angels.

They all look at me like a tasty snack before bedtime. As well as they want me to be the headline in the story. I took the slip up to the teacher, a tell my life history to every class that day; a hair-looking best friend whose desk had a plate classifying him as Mr. Tomeans.

He gazed at me when he saw my name- he snarled at me- like I was cow-shit on his floor! Not an encouraging response to say the least- I knew I was

falling already- the second day of this… and for sure, I was pissed off with no way to say what I wanted to- and I beamed red… with frustration and pour- anger. But then again, at least he pointed me in the direction of an empty desk at the front next to the sped kid he compared me too without introducing me to the class.

I see I am not the class retard. It was harder for my new equals to stare at me in the back, nevertheless one way or another, they accomplished just that. I kept my eyes down on the reading, an assignment that was given- a list the teacher had given me to do of why I need to be in this class- typing my name- and

no basic pc skills. I had already read everything I needed to know- last year in my old school this shit was dumbed down yet the teacher, think I am the one that is the dumbass in the room. You need to do this over- why?

For I said so- that not an answer I said- you do not talk here- that is comforting… I said- go to the office… I questioned if my mom would send me my folder of old essays, so I would not have to do all this over- yet I sure with this ass it is going to be more than once of each one, or if she would think that was cheating. I went through the different arguments with her in my head was

spring at the fact the teacher was a jerk to me and some others like me that were new or a type that was not his pick, while the teacher murmured on, not saying much of anything at was worth hearing about… there was even a back story here of how he loves fishing- and why his ears were so big- and taped back as a kid. When the bell lastly rang out in, a muffled buzzing bon-n-ing sound, a gangly boy with skin problems, and hair black as an oil slick leaned across the aisle to talk to me. 'You're the CA girl- your name I don’t care to sit- he looked like the more than usually unhelpful, dick you no… from your past- the kind of creep, that hangs in strip

club shoving money down young girls' undies, for the hell of it… 'You CA girl' he said- I modified that with my name- yet again his said I do not care what your name is. Everyone within a four-seat circle turned to look at me, being the target of his dumb puns. 'Where's your next class?' he asked.

Why?

He said- you are not going… I going to sit on your lap until you get this right- it is right. I said- no… I say not, he said to me… 'You go and you fail.' And- I walked out! I had to investigate my handbag, for were to go… yet I was not

staying there… for his crap. There was nowhere to look without meeting curious eyes. Or teacher, that did not get the CA girl.

I am heading toward the environmental room, I could show you the way… the girl, who was not in my calls beforehand show out of no were- I could have used her there- hilarious you never have half eyes, when you need them.

Over-Helpful. 'I'm Julia Lynn. Jones,' he added. I grinned timidly. 'Thanks- I need you.' Awah- a friends then? She asked, I said- awl sure! (Forward up to the end of the day) We got

our coats, and I dumped off my books all 10 that were weighing me down and headed out into the rain for the car that I hoped would start fast. I could have sworn and not under my breath about the whole day- several individuals in arrears around me, were walking close to me and her, so much, that it was enough to eavesdrop. I hoped- I was not getting paranoid, about them all not liking me. The girl Julie- we talked about my movie yet that was everyone here, and children chat… yet it was nice to see someone with a friendly face being nice to me… she was the only one, so far… I was being optimistic. 'Very…!' 'It doesn't rain much

there, does it?' she said- nope- do you want to come over- sure… and she did- she was the first in my car too. 'Like- only 4 / 5 times a year.'

'Wow, what must that be like…?' she deliberated. 'It’s Luminous,' She asked me? I told her yes. 'You don't look very bronzed- or covey- or virgin.' What? I squid- how would you know that- that what all the girls are saying you no. will I am- that one and sun- I was the indoors type… I hate sports or things that make you sweat. When to her home instead- where her mother is partly passed on something like alcoholic… that is mixed.' She willful my face in trepidation, and I

for one moaned with a long gasping sigh. With some hand movant, and eyes rolling to the right. It looked like clouds, and a sense of humor did not mix. A few months of this and I would forget how to use sarcasm. Next day- (lunch) -We walked back around the lunchroom, not long after I had a gym, so I did not want to overeat.

My girlfriend Julie walked me right to the door, and down the line, though it was marked where I need to be with their looks. She is not a prep- yet not a sped kid either- I not that just making a comparison. 'Well, good luck,' she said as I touched the handle. 'Maybe we'll have

some other classes together today.' she sounded careful looking down at her list, and then mine. I smiled at him vaguely and went inside. The rest of the morning passed in about the right- fashion. My Trigonometry teacher, Mr. Meyer, whom I would have detested anyway just because of the subject he taught, was the only one who made me stand in front of the class, looking like a dumb butt- and having to do things I hated, I never like reading in front of others or familiarize myself with fresh faces. Me- here- I mumbled, go red, and trip over my own feet on the way to my seat. Ha, I can rhyme… nice right?

God, I am dumb! Subsequently the two classes I had, not long after lunch period, I was in progress to differentiate many of the faces in each period of all the classrooms. There was always someone doing something that I could not understand, or something wacky to me, and my ways of doing a thing- thing that I was not custom too… the thing that I knew where the wrong form that I would do back home. I was never one for the meet and greeting shit! It is just not my thing here… I do not like others- snobby as fuck! Plus, ask the - freak'n questions- and personal things, over and over about who I am. Diplomatic- drama- I do not

give a flying shit! About you or where you are from- or what you did or did not do last night with your legs open! - God, why? As well as that was not even in the front with the man talking up there… I was having a 3- way with my head! Them- and man up there saying feaking nothing! But- blah- blah- blah! I tried to be, but mostly I just lied a- lot. Tove Lo- Habits- High all the time was playing in my mind over and over- as I was singing out the lyrics. True with me and most girls now are just that- in and out of the school walls.

The Chain-smoker's- Roses, also was playing in my earbuds as I was

walking down the hall with only one in… One girl sat next to me in the room, in both Trigonometry, French, and History, and she walked with me to the refectory for lunch like the day that passed- it is all the - just one day later. She was petite, like one foot shorter than my five foot 2 inches. In contrast, her wildly curly dark hair her look cute yet odd too to me- it was all part of her- and her way wacky ways… and her bouncing off the walls- like the difference between our heights she was just a little offbeat, with the others. Brown eyes- that had to look up at me as odd too- for I was always the one to do that… I was the small one at my old

school. I could not recollect her name, so I grinned and bobbed my hand to her saying hey to me, as she gibbered about teachers, classes, and his girlfriend that she is dating. I did not try to keep up with her motor mouth- and trippy wording, which was just too far articulate for me to grasp. So, I just had the dumbest look on my face of augh! Us- she and I, we sat at the end of a jampacked table with several of her friends, not at the lower end. Yet not popular either, whom I introduced her to Lily the girl Velcroed to my butt I swear, to you she is… I forgot all their names as soon as she spoke to them when I went down the extensive line of faces,

which did not like me, that much for being the girl from CA.

They seemed impressed by her bravery in speaking to me. The girl from Jess, Paul, waved at me from across the room. They are not my type yet okay. You cannot have it all… I thought so why not. (Back) we were all there talking in the room seeing the eyes that were looking- and ours looking back- it is what goes on in the lunchroom- with gossiping an intake or all senses, trying to make tête-à-tête is with 5 or 6 enquiring strangers that want to know all the gross details of my life- love life- and girlie parts, that I first saw them. The only girl I like- liked

was Lily. Not to date or anything- not yet- but a good girlfriend- witch I could trust here in this wasteland they call Bradford School, the groups all of them look over them with your eyes, they were sitting in their clutches some like the stoner in the corner- I do that shit yet not as much as they do- I would say we are all slackers here- that group is now everyone. Look around all the IQs are 5% or less to me- yet they called me as that walking in the door. All the minds are lost in space- its ether the music- or the drugs- or the ass whole in- which they were brought up…

You can see the drugs rolling through this place, and the lack of caring

for others, and the scents of those, which should just drop out now; and save us all from slowing down in the class were in together. Yes- I want to be as far away from that scene as I can- where I sat as possible in the long room. There were five of them. They were not talking, and they were not eating, though they each had a tray of untouched food in front of them. They were not gawking at me, unlike most of the other students. So-o it was safe to stare at them without fear of meeting an excessively interested pair of eyes.

However, it was none of those things which held my interest, and

caught, my attention. I see a boy now looking at me, there were like 5 in a grouping- at the jock table smashing food into each other's faces. Yet that is most of the boy species, Unique thought I see this one was so much lager them the other in the pack there- to descry the boy- he is what I would call muscle, a weightlifter, with dark, curly hair, and completely serious. Another was taller, was less fat, but still powerful, with honey blond hair and green eyes- the jokester, of the 5 or so I could see that from here- not much of a reader- yet he was doing something author a book, that caught my eye- so maybe there is hope for the boys in the

world. The last was lanky, less bulky, with untidy, bronze-colored hair. He was more boyish than the others, who looked like they could be in college, or even teachers here rather than students. The girls were opposites… but nice if you could say that… one more than the outer. The tall one was majestic to me yet not as a dream as him- over there… you see him- no keep looking. Do not miss him over all the others… anyways see this girl over there too she had a beautiful figure- cute something I want and might ask if… nah- at some point, the kind you see on the cover of the Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue- no heartbreaker you see more

nudity in that these days, the kind that made every girl around her take a hit on her self-esteem just by being in the Lily room.

Her hair was golden, gently waving to the middle of her back. The short girl was pixie-like, thin in the extreme, with small features. Her hair was a deep brown, not long yet not short, besides pointing jagged like downward in that direction. They all had very obscure-like eyes notwithstanding the range in hair tones. All of them looking differing yet the Lily, to their style… yet not in the family. All of them had a white, paling face that was eerie to me and the way I

look even, with me I am white, yet this was spooky. Like, have not become exposed for 5 years' sight. It was a sunless town anyway- you could see that- yet this was just odd to me. There are the palest of all the students, here in the varying room. There was like- no pigment in their flesh.

They also had dark shadows under those eyes - purplish, bruise-like shadows. As if they were all suffering from a sleepless night, or almost done recovering from a broken nose. Though their noses, all their features, were straight, perfect, angular. But then again, all this is not why I could not stare away. I

was lost in it all. I was seeing all of them looking at me as I was looking at them- all dissimilar. So diverse, yet- in a way- so comparable, were all overwhelmingly, coldheartedly lovely. They were expressions you never thought yah would see, to see excluding on the blended pages of a style magazine.

I could say it looked as if it was highlighted by a timeworn expert as the face of an angel with that look of angelic. It was hard to decide who was the most beautiful - the perfect blond girl, or the bronze-haired boy. They were all looking away, yet it felt like all eyes were on me - away from each other, away from the

other students, away from anything as far as I could tell as of that moment.

Like the story- of forbidden… I see this go slowly. As I watched, he does… nothing but temptation, and lust… I was feeling for this boy… that was looking at me like I was his next meal. The- unbitten apple, was like kissing to his lips and I got the flash of him next to me breathing in my ear- and ready to do the same to me on the lips. Holding me tight just as he was holding the apple- squeezing it like a hug. I sip on my milk… and walked away with a quick, graceful lope that belonged on a runway. I watched, amazed at her lithe dancer's get

up out of my set and step forward, doping my try- I see her doing the same- I sashayed through the one left side doorway, moving so much hastily, then I would have thought it was possible with me being so clumsy. My eyes darted back to the others, who sat unchangingly.

'Whom are they… and why do they care about me- in this way?'

Lunch is now over-, and I walked to my locker to get books- from there I go to my next class that sucks- butt- I asked the girl from my Spanish class, whose name I had forgotten. For notes and a pen… As she looked up to see who I

meant ... though already knowing from my tone ... suddenly he looked at her, the thinner one, the boyish one, the youngest.

5

He looked away quickly, more quickly than I could, though in a flush of embarrassment, just the same as I- then- I dropped my eyes... to that feeling… the same as he… did- oh so- shyly. In that brief flash of a glance, his face held nothing of interest ... it was as if she had called his name, and he had looked up in spontaneous response, by now had decided not to respond. Him- this boy- this one that I feel in love with at first

look… He looked at my neighbor for just a division of a moment, and then his obscure eyes glimmered as they look the way into mine. Kids that do not get me- giggled, me I am in embarrassment, looking at the table like I did you want to run home and never- ever come back.

There were kids all around him blared out, all I saw- like was him… the- um- perfect love. That is what I want- and what every young girl asks for- Mr. hot young and right just for her- and only hers, not to share- and vis-visas.

I peeped out of the corner of my sight, at the beautiful boy and then full-on

into the eyes of the forbidden, love stricken, I looked at everything that is him his hand, his face, his fingers, his body. And those eyes that I cannot stop looking at… the lips- kissing the apple… in a sucking bit. His mouth was moving very slowly passionately, his perfect lips barely opening as his hands moved away from his mouth.

The other three still looked away, and yet he was speaking quietly to them.

Strange, unpopular names, I thought. The kinds of names grandparents had. But that was in vogue here ... small town names? I finally

remembered that my neighbor was called Jessica, a perfectly common name. There were two girls named Jessica in my History class back home.

'They are… very nice-looking.' I struggled with the conspicuous understatement.

'Yes!' Jessica agreed with another giggle. 'They're all together though ... eating- yet more into me than the food going down, I mean. And they live together.' Her voice held all the shock and disapproval of the small-town feel, I thought unsympathetically- that was my first impression of her- I wounded if that

would change at all. it would cause gossip if I did anything right or wrong at this point. It was said that his dad was something important to the town… a Ph.D. of the medical filed, they had about 15 kids in their home at one time… not all theirs but- they seemed to all be the same in away. There was one in each graduate… all good kids and old fashion if you want to point it out. ' You the type 50’s whys of thinking- really kind over nice … like it is nice for them to take care of all those kids when they are so young and everything themselves. They are young… also- it doesn’t look right to me…

when I passed them going down the street… in my car.'

Throughout this discussion, my eyes flickered repeatedly to the table where the strange family sat. They continued to look at the walls and not eat. 'I guess so,' Jessica admitted reluctantly, and I got the impression that she did not like the doctor and his wife for some reason. With the glances she was throwing at their adopted children, I would presume the reason was jealousy.

'I think that Mrs. Cullen can't have any kids, though,' she added as if that lessened their kindness. 'Have they

always lived in town- she said?' I did not ask- yet I got the info. Surely, I would have observed them on one of my summertime's here with my dad in years past. I felt a gush of shame, and release of anger. Disappointment because, as lovely as they were, they were popular- the most- of all of them. Respited by all… He must be, the youngest, one he looked up and met my gaze yet again, this time with evident inquisitiveness in his appearance. As I observed summarily away, it seemed to me that his glance held more love than I ever thought possible… something… I could not explain. He has black hair… blue eyes… just everything right…I

peeked at him from the corner of my eye- as I sat look past them all into those eyes, that glowed- like…and he was still staring at me- with lust, gazing hard, and long not breaking the look- I was it… confused was the expression we both had… Then I glanced at him again- like- he is gorgeous to me, I knew he was feeling the same it was showing to them all that heat me for it… of course, but do not waste your time. It was- said- in the chats, he does not date a girl- that- none fit his type. None of the girls here are good-looking enough for him, or slut is not the type.

My undies do not come off- ha- look at this one she not wearing any… she

sniffed and whipped her nose- grossly, just pick it I thought- a clear case of fucking- freaking- piss-e grapes. I wondered when he had turned her down. my smile is hidden under my frown… as I bit my lip- shyly. I was nervous not to be late for class on my first day. I sat at the table with Jessica and her friends… The girl- I was saying about- she was shy, too… with him… yet his friend so maybe I will put up with her. His face was smiling, she turned away, longer than I would have thought- if I had been sitting alone, I would feel as she did. but I thought his cheek appeared lifted, after a few more minutes, the four of them left the table

together. They were all noticeably graceful ... even the big, brawny one. It was unsettling to watch.

The one named Edward did not look at me again.

6

He and I- We walked to class together in silence. Just look into those eyes… As I walked down the aisle to introduce myself to the teacher and get my slip signed, I was watching him surreptitiously. Just as I passed, he suddenly went rigid in his seat. He stared at me again, meeting my eyes with the strangest expression on his face ... it was

hostile, furious. I looked away quickly, shocked, going red again. When we entered the classroom, He went to sit at a black-topped lab table exactly like the ones I was used to. He already had a neighbor. All the tables were filled but one. Next, to the center aisle, I recognized him by his unusual hair, sitting next to that single open seat, we sat side by side. I kept my eyes down as I went to sit by him, puzzled by the unfriendly stare he had given me, you hard to get. I stumbled over a book and my own feet like always, in the walkway, between desks, and had to catch feel dumb… The girl sitting there giggled and

then they all did when I fell into his lap... that looked nice... I had noticed that his eyes were black ... coal-black, then I saw his posture change from the corner of my eye... Mr. Shanner signed my slipup and handed me a book with no gobbledygook about outlines. I do is look at him during the class... I set my book on the table, I could tell we were not going to get along... me and this teacher... Of course, he had no choice but... but to be a dick... for me think the boy was more entertaining. I questioned my judgment on Jessica's bitterness at lunch today. She was not as resentful as I had thought. The class seemed to hold out- on longer than

the others with his look at me, and the other way around. Was it because the day was finally ending, or because I was waiting for his tight fist to untie? Was this his normal behavior? To look at me in this way. The way he made me feel as good and yet uneasy… I feel myself, shrinking in my chair, my spring of his lustful thought of what he could do to me. I could do so much to him… you could feel this in… in your mind. Then- the bell rang loudly in my ears, making me jump high- all twitchy, and he was out of his seat so fast I could not even see the blur. Tall- and good looking is all I could say… to that loss of my mind's thought… I was

dumbfounded- over him. Blanking- I sat frozen in his wonder in my fantasies of daydream sex dreams… of rip him naked and kiss him all over… that body… that was right. I wanted to claw the shit out over him rocking- in my bed. It was not fair… no what do I do- feel lost without him doing this… I never- um well… feet like this… I looked up to see a cute at his locker, baby-faced boy that I have been thinking about non-stop, hair carefully gelled into orderly spikes, smiling at me in a friendly way- I want to touch yet could not- want to speak yet could not do that either- it would not work for me.

He did not think I smelled bad. We walked to class together; he was a chatterer ... he supplied most of the conversation, which made it easy for me. turned out he was in my English class also yet one room over. He was the nicest person I had met today, I wanted more... a-lot more. I wanted to be kissed... like all the other sluts I see... getting more than me. 'I never spoke to him more than two words it was all in the way we looked at each other- that said it all- lost in the eyes.' Some will not get this- and those that do not have to feel this feeling. I smiled at him before walking through the girls' locker room door. I was getting

naked and think about him doing this too… God, I heat this boy for making me feel this way- why? The Gym teacher is looking at me- feeling myself up- 'what the hell? Move it!' 'BOOB- SQEZZING!'- save it for home- she said the new girl- in call the girls were mean- and we rain- and jumped and sat up and down- jump-n' freakin' jack.

7

It is a new day- I see him at the desk in front of me- in some call that has no name to me- so what I saying I do not give a shit- about it. The-hair- the face- the dick, it was all there right. He did not

appear to notice the sound of my entrance. I stood pressed against the back wall, waiting for the receptionist to be free. Him- with the voice low and sweet, was doing all the same as before…

That is when I asked and we did in the locker room… he trusted me into him… and it was all over I was in love with him more than ever.

The next day- it was like it never happened- he did not me-

That went on for 2 years me heating myself for loving him…

It was not nightfall yet, and no longer day, it was the time where it was

hard for me to sleep and feel right about what I was doing to end the day- yet I am a girl. The time of day when I wished I were able to sleep. Death do you think of it?

Funny every day, or every time I have my hand here, I am thinking of that boy, him I am thinking about how I might pass on in this life if he were ever to go all the way with me. High school, cool- hell no- me cool I was at my old one. Or was agony the right word to say about the movie? If there is any way to apologize for my sins, it would be to say I loved the forbidden, a boy like him, this I ought to total toward the tally in some measure.

The tediousness was not something I grew used to; with him, day in and day out in the school's something I loved- something I cannot do without- every day seemed more impossibly repetitious than the last. I suppose this was my form of sleeping alone at night without my love. Lost in a dream would be fine, here is where I see it all unfold out before me… You can see me moving my way into the hallways- I started running through the jocks and preps and guys in coat in the far corner of the cafeteria, I was walking now her form the bathroom here, I did my hair and looked in the glass to see if my face had changed

any from the morning- imagining patterns into them that were not there. It was one way to tune out the voices that babbled like the gush of a river inside my head. It was the first time- the first time- I fell in love with the forbidden- like the last time- I kissed haunted lips. The first time… Yes- now I am gasping for air after that long kiss.

Yes- I just got kissed- Kissed by the death- the kiss of what I was so longing for. Nope- nothing could ever stop me from dying… in the arms of the one that I love so-o. Nevertheless, I wanted too anyways… I want to do just that to keep him.

Maybe- I was too blind to understand, that faith could free me from this finally.

On the other hand, here I am wedged in a wooden box with a ton of dirt adjoining me, with blackness. From this never-ending obscurity and undying plague. I am just an ordinary girl for an ordinary town in having an ordinary life. It is not just box-like, why would anyone want to put me into this coffin? I am underground… no? Nocking- Nocking- Tap- tap- tapping on the box- yet was there everybody out there trying to find me? All hope was gone at this point as the air was getting thin.

8

Get out of here before you die- or am I died? I had only one thought- at this point getting out of it. I punch and punch so hard. Dirt was coming in like a river pouring into a shallow area. I must get out! I must get out! I must get out! My hand became swollen and bloody I punch the wooden ceiling- of this box hard! Questioning- with my thoughts of the mind- I did not want to die- like this, at least not in this why… The hard I taped the less, I felt okay with it all. It made no difference. 'Crap!' I should be bleeding yet I am not- I small and rub my raw hurting fists. The worst pain was coming

from within- and I was not sure why at this point- I was confused. What would it be? What and why was this confusing happing to me? If I have one wish while in this situation, it would be to see why- why is the question.

I was so-o forced to think- and my mind eked, as I thought hard, and hard in the darkness and thinning air. I wiped away all the tears coming from my eyes as they ran down my cheeks- and yet I did not get why I felt this way at 15. Is it so-hard to think of the one last thing that I want- like a kiss- or more? Is it so wrong… to lust for an older man in you-

and feel all that is you and he together- in love?

Was there never- ever any purpose in my life, until I found him? Or did he take that away from me? Is all that gone now? Is there zero- nothing- I ever wanted that badly to have in, and with me than him- what I could not have- I was coming to it some? Right now, should I be saddened by all this and the knowledge of this fact? 74 hours (about 3 days) have passed now so I think- soon as the oxygen in this box will run out… it is a matter of time. Just part of the fact that my life above was over.

A thought- My mother's resentful words started ringing in my ears. One day you will see what you did wrong, and it will come back to haunt you! It will be the only place you will have left to go to- and that is the place for forgiveness- if you can get it- at this point- she said- meanly. You need to be saved, yet you will never be- she though, Mom- if you do not want to be the heated witch. Mom- Do you see... what am I saying to you? - You say you believe in Him. Then be with him- and that is what I did to be here now- where did I go wrong?

9

A crack- I dug, I pawed through the dirt-digging- digging- the small glimmer of light- I climbed, it is air- yes- I could the feel air coming in? I kicked and kick until my feet were cut, but I did it. I got out, nevertheless, I had to hurry. 'Hey! Who is there? 'A farmer calls out. I gasp in fear of being noticed and run more. I continued digging with my eyes looking at the light- of hope to get out, and I finally stuck my head out into the air. I looked at my surroundings- awe- it is all most there… I spoke. My breath quickens faster- faster- and faster- as I think about the world around me. Thinking about how I used to glance up at

the brightening expanse of the sky, I bit my lip. I could see slivers of light within the box's boards. That is when I knew that I was not covered completely yet with the earth above me. That dawn was showing me the light looking at the patches of growing crops, I realized that farmers would be out soon.

Naturally, my heart-wrenching incomprehension, that I have been living a life which had no purpose… whatsoever? That is not true and not- yet I questioned. My life is not ending at all- and yet I question this also? All this was just a sick twist of my fate, just to see if I would get the picture. Like- to wake me

up and bring me closer to that resolution- this was all okay at my early age. Um- hmm- I must hide before they run me out once again.

They- the ones that never- ever got me and him- in the first place. I ran- like I never ran like this before- crazy though the woods they were greenish in color with fog! As I ran towards the church, near to me about 20 feet or so away, I went into it asking what I knew I could not have. I decided to go inside, and let the doors close behind me so that the farmer could not get to me. I realized it has been really- long since I have been to a church. The last time was when I was

six-year-old or so-o. like- a practical joke that life has played on me- by the fallen. That day is on its way, where I fall too… to all the crap they say I have coming to me. You will have no one to help you, I hear the voices of the fallen in my head giggling at what I did now I am the dead girl walking- and I will feel the wrath- of the red flaming man under my feet for it.

10

Mom- said- You'll see. The time will come when I well am right as always. Though- I am still not a believer- in what they call above- I am not of the one below- until now- but it is funny either way to me

for she said- the day would come, and it did. Like- it was wished on me- by her and my hometown where they did not get my type or his. At last, here I am, where I thought, where I thought I would never be. Feeling hobbled inside as I did, I was astonished by what I saw- and that was me believing in this… faith carp.

I could not believe my eyes- to all the things flying around me- seraphs. Could this be? No? Yes? It was... or am I hallucinating? At this point in my mind, I was too damn to try to differentiate between what is real, and what was unreal. Nevertheless, I see what I never believed in… I walk, to the front of the

alter he looks up from the book in which he was reading. It is not a Bible… I was sure- I knew him, all right- the man up there standing as a father- he gives me his sperm which made my life- in more than one was- yet he hides behind the all-holly ways, it was my dead dad- like giving me his wishes of what to do next. It looks to be an old book on philosophy- that I still cannot get away from- therefore I gave up on it- you preach it yet does not live it.

11

'How did you get here?' He said as he smiled, and then closes the book-

looking into my eyes to see if there were pure. 'You weren't hard to find.' He stands from the pew he was at and gives me a once over. 'It's a good look for you.'

'What…? Dirt and near-death?' He smiles again… The wrinkles around his eyes crinkle slightly, and the light caught his salt and pepper slicked-back hair. 'No-existence goes without punishment.' I do not know how long; I was out there hearing all this crap. It could have been all day; it could have been weeks. I do not know... I am so confused. 'You look good for a young girl that has been rolling around in the dart.'

He said mocking me- for he thinks I am the dirty girl!

'Heh- thanks... I guess- for doing this to me daddy.' I chuckled and looked at him. knowing he was the first too... and my mind went hazy-.' I must ask you something… I saw you back when they pushed me into the cold hard ground, and you buried me. Is that right? Haha- my child- you know nothing of your life and the wrongs you made.

Like- daddy you were there in the crowd- no? Ha- he was chuckling hard. Why did you let them bury me? I am your daughter, and yet you treat me like a

stranger- or your altar server at night. That just not right… daddy, I said- with fear. He kept on smirking at me with that sideways smile. I yelled would you stop looking at me like that, I knew he would… -and my mind went blank-.

So freak'n creepy! It is starting to freak me out. 'You wanted me to stay out of your life' he said to here. That was one way that you would be gone, I knew you would come crawling back, you always come back. Like the little girl that you are, but this time was the longest you have been gone. It's been a long time.' He rubs his hands over the book and sighs. Saying- I am better than you will ever be-

even with my sins- that you know nothing about. 'But I guess- if you genuinely want me to, I'll get more involved from now on- with you.' It was said. I frowned- like do not bother yourself. 'That didn't answer my question.' He smiles again in a creeper way. Even creepier than before. I thought his fake teeth were going to poop, of the so-o wide smile.

His eyes narrowed at me. 'Yes, I was in the crowd.' My dad raises his old, wrinkled hand to keep me from speaking 'Don’t you ever freak’n interrupt me. If I had interfered, they would have killed me. Then who would keep an eye on you?' I can feel my anger rise. 'Someone who lets

me get buried alive... how can you say that?' 'Yes, I had too I didn’t have a freaking choice! Okay!' I said- 'I just wanted you to give me some space, but you're meant to protect me and look after me. It sounds to me that you wanted me to be gone.'

I felt my eyes knowing they were getting teary, so I wiped away my tears; before he could see my cry, like the little child he thinks I am. How did I get this why? It was slowly coming back to me. Even so, what is he does not know is that I had someone- that I loved more than him- and more than what he called love. We were a- lot alike with our past lives.

Yes, someone that loved me more than he ever could or would, that was everything to me. However, just like my dad, he was killing me in so many ways. Killing me slowly, mentally, physically, and spiritually. It is like he holds in my breath, and I can let him out. I know the closer he gets to me, the closer he gets to kill me with his lusting voluptuous kiss.

(Back before the end)

But- but- but- I want it! I want to feel it! That fine with me I guess, but we have not even made out yet! You are slowly sucking life out of me; I know you

cannot help it like I cannot help loving you. Or did we…? 'If I have

to die to have your love then so be it!' THIS IS WHAT I SAID- AND WHAT I DID- AND WHAT I LET HIM DO TO ME FOR LOVING LUST!

That is what I said to him. 'Just kiss me, AND

TAKE ME FOR YOURS'S- YOU CAN NOW- IT'S LEGAL- for my mom signed for us… I cannot take not having you in my life. IT WAS SAID! And if my life ends, then we can live in forever, together if there IN THE afterlife, only if that is if you choose to die for me too-

RIGHT NOW. As I will for you.' KISS- So what do you want to do? To kiss or not to kiss, that is the question?

WELL…?

11

(Now)

I will say that I do not want you in my life… OKAY.

LIKE- just I said to my dad.

Why must I push everyone away?

Nevertheless, which is just a lie. 'I want you! I must have you!' IT WAS SAID.

Edward- 'I need you; I must have you! All of you! I must taste the kiss you want to give to me- AS I WANT TO GIVE IT TO YOU. Till death do we part, with all my heart, crossed and hope to die in your arms? I know that making love to you would rip us apart.' I recall whispering back in his cold ear- 'It’s this love you would give me that would go right through me, as we would get ever so closer to eternal love. I want it! Do you want me?

Death is the passion, I am longing for THOSE kisses now down on my lips, and I will be forever yours! And you’ll be forever mine.'

The last time… I was in the church, and I confessed my love for you- I knew this would be like this it was all coming back to my mind what I did.

Beforehand asking if I would be forgiven, for my wrongs, even if I do not have complete faith I thought. I assumed what do I have to lose- I will try. I will get into the dress and confess everything to you. In-front of the man of God- yes, I would even if it were something, I was not sure about at that time. I said ’I do’s,' and so did he. I knew that it was wrong. I knew that I was too young, so young that I am not sure if I knew what love was, or what it entailed.

Nevertheless, I said 'Let us do this, let us go all the way, and never look back, let us make the earth move tonight, I want to feel your breath on my young alive skin. I want to feel what it would be like when you are killing me with that kiss, as you take me for your lover now and forever. I want to be deflowered, as you place a flower on my grave and follow me to the promised land. 'Come and

hold my hand.' That is what I said. I breathed so deeply knowing that today will be my last breath at all.

10

The wedding night: I remember standing there unclothed- 'I quivered, I trembled, and I felt my knees knocking together. I could see him walking towards me. Oh yes, looking stronger and mightier than ever before. His manliness was just thumping in-front of me- odd for a man that may not be alive. I did not even know that was possible, or what that thing was coming for me.

Yet again- I am only fifteen years old.

My thoughts- I am so hoping that I am not making a big mistake, eager that your love for me is not fake. I do not want

to be used, and left for dead, like men such as yourself, have done to me in the past. Everything I know and love in my life, I must forsake just to have you. Then I thought- Even if he does not love me, I know that I will never get away- or did I want to--I am young was not sure about anything for they say I can think for myself.

He is eye like my soul linked now forever- matted for life- overall. That- like his feelings of being with me- in me- well always be there like- looking over me, even if we do not end up together forever- in this afterlife. Not sure where we would go after that kiss of death. Even if he does

not absolutely love me, as I do him... I feel for how bad I was- the first time. Somehow, I know that I will never get away from his charm, never-ever being able to run away from his stony- yet glittery eyes, that make my week and lustful. Like- well he always is looking over me, even if we do not end up together for always.

I will always feel him inside me!

Feeling all that is him running through my veins and driving me to complete madness.

Just like the poison- passion of that first kiss.

The kiss at the altar- was not the death kiss at all, it was the ones sucking down on my lips- and now the sucking kiss we are sharing dooring the lovemaking. He is coming into my bloodstream. I feel me pouring the toxins out my most erotic pulsating girly parts of my body. We will be bonded for life, and lives that come after. We will be like one being or so that was dreaming. There is no escaping it now… nor do I want too. I just want it to keep on coming, it feels that good. Oh- what he is doing to me. It is ripping through me… but I love it. It is like spraying like pouring rain and it is

mixing with mud on the ground under my feet.

Plus, I am drizzling with his poison all over my chest, face, and my girly opening, it is all coming out of me too, like a river of love. It must be the best feeling in this world.

Yes- I am spraying the wetness, it is dripping like my eyes when he was not near me all the time in the days of the past. And when he is not near me, he creeps in my mind when he is gone. He plays with my feelings- I know this.

The - way he likes to play with me in his cold candlelight bedroom. He builds

me up so far and stops, and then when he comes for me to come with him, it is even stronger, just like I come twice has hard for him. It is the - way. Just like the candle that he blows out with his expired breath, he blows me to a place I never been to. As he crawls beside me, he blows that - icy breath on me, as he covers me with kisses, all over my little body. It is our first night sleeping together.

It must be romantic! His eyes glow like the full yellow moon at midnight, which I see from the cracked glass windows that rattle as the wind gusts through the maple trees. As I lay my tiny head on his motionless chest, I am

naked and carefree and fall asleep un-top of his chilly torso, I feel that rigid body that never needs rest at all. Everything is eerily perfect… naturally, I look forward to the dawn of daylight. In a way, I do not care if I wake up!

Yes, it was just that good!

Yet I must wonder what if…

12 will I become exposed; everything is black I do not know… as love is being made- and I slowly start losing a life? Either way, I am contented, this is when this all starts of me being in this haze. Like- just being in the arms of my love for this only night.

Is it black because there is no light in the room? Or is it black because I am dying?

Is this death?

If so, I did not see it be like this at all.

Where am I now?

I slowly open my eyes... I am not sure if I see anything. I feel freaked up in the head. Like I had the shit banged out of me. Which is possible… It happened. Am I died or alive? Am I alive or dead? Is he dying with me or not? Why am I not feeling his touch?

Am I bleeding too much- was the real death or the kiss of his fangs?

Should I be feeling something?

I feel the air getting bleak, am I even breathing, I cannot tell at this point? I never felt so alive even if this is the death, I never been so thrilled to death in my life.

'We should see the gates by morning. We should be inside in the evening.'

The last kiss was everything, all that I was hoping for, and more, but it was this darkness, that is all that was around me now or nothing more.

13

(In the coffin)

I am just dreaming about this.

Is this happening to me?

Am I seeming people, seeing me go down?

Am I not seeing him going down with me?

Do I feel the ground encasing me?

That is when I realized I was in this wooden coffin. Was I covered over last night with the earth above? At that time, I did not know. Was I dressed in a

lacey nightgown and nothing else, I was panties-less, limp, and almost motionless with a red rose on my chest? I could smell the faint scent; it was from the wedding bouquets. Was there no one there to see me other them him when I was lowered down in these six-foot wholes? Was he the one that placed this flower on me, or was it someone else? I want to know what happened.

Did anything happen? I will I had been my thoughts talking to me, and they were deafening.

I evoke hearing every one of those nine-inch nail being hammered in

my coffin, which sealed my fate. Yet was it the kiss that killed me? Was it more than a kiss? Why was I put in the ground?

If so, was I still so much alive? Is it because of who I am? I cannot die… or am I? I am so confused! What happened to me last night? I can pound on this wood till my fist is blood-spattered, or is that blood or embalming fluid?

That is why I have slashes on my feet. I was drained of all my blood. Can anyone hear me? 'Hello! Anybody out there- I need help!' The cemetery is still, with only creepy hunting sounds, which I make up in my mind in fear. I am calling

out for help, nonetheless, the skeletons next to me in their timeworn boxes in this old cemetery are not answering me anytime soon. It seems that the only memo I am getting out to the folks that walk on top of me is what is printed on my headstone.

And that is not much of anything for a girl my age, I never did anything spectacular. So, all that is printed in my name, date of my birth, and the date of my death.

Will I be saved, or was I? Why am I so muddled?

(After getting out of the box)

I am riddled with fear… so, I ran away from him. As I ran into the woods, something occurred to me. I have nowhere to go. No family that wanted me, no friends. Nothing, but everyone in town believing that I was a witch- even if I were just an agave teen girl that wanted an old man that could be a fallen angel- what is wrong with that?

They believed I was a witch, and a murderer because, I was found standing over a nine-year-old dead girl's body her name was Halley- she was his blood trust for the year- I knew- yet feed off animals does not work- or to stop that hunger for young girlie blood. As well as that, they

all instantaneously made the town make their own rules- about me and what happened.

So, I had to run and never be found by anyone but him, otherwise, I knew I would be burnt at the stake. I heard the town's folks saying, as I ran past like a mad girl- that they were going to throw me into the river. And if I did not drown, then I am truly a witch- if I would swim. Either way, I would be dead for real. What am I half dead?

But- how, and where do I go now?

14

Edward- affirmative, I killed her I did not want to do it.

Then again, I had other reasons for doing it.

Yes, other than them saying- I had too.

Yet it was the only way I could be with her, being like this is not what I wanted.

I did not want to suck the life out of her, I have been dyeing myself for over a hundred years now, and I have been with a lot of girls, nevertheless, they were not like her. None of them have been as

good as she was, she had me coming back for increasingly.

She needs me to come to her as I need her to come to me.

Who am I to you mere mortals?

I am a monster!

Something studied for being me…

15

Can call me by my current name-

Edward Damsel… This is true, that I wanted to marry for the last time.

No- I did not want to suck her blood, I said that I would stop doing this,

but it is like sex- ones you do it with a virgin, you want to keep having it increasingly, and you have a bond to them.

I remember my first time. That was oh so long ago…. With her, I could not help myself. She was so young and lovely, so tight and fit.

I loved her ways, and her voice, and her little smile, she was everything I ever dreamed of before I became this. I am not one of those types. I fed off the kiss and stopped before going all the way, I have had many young girls, and have taken a lot of them. In my lifespan I had

many young girls like her fallen in love with me, and why not I am their fantasy man.

Yet I am not Edward Cullen, yet I am the next best thing.

They just cannot help it… I do absolutely love her; I want to stop doing this. I want her to be the last girl I am with… can a fallen angel be with a girl that was alive, that he killed in a night of passion, for being what everyone thinks is a witch because of it also?

Should I bring her back to life, and dig her back up to be a monster like myself? Should I saver and save her? We

would be perfect together with a witch and a fallen angel, it could be a happy ever after for both of us. I know this will piss off a lot of people out there if I do this, yet that is half the fun. Come to my surprise, I went to the grave and she was gone… Where did my love go?

Come out, come out wherever you are! Oh, I see that you want to play a little game with me. Okay- I guess I must find you, my one-day-old bride. I cover my eyes and count to ten…

1…2…3…4…5…5…7…8…9…10!

I am on my way my darling! 'Yes, I ran from him as I ran from all of them,

was he any different, I did not know. I was just like my dad in every way, I fear this fact. But my dad did not want to kill me, or did he? Christer-Edward did not want too either, or did he? Even now I want to be killed over and over by his kiss… if that is how it needs to be. I still love him. Like I still love my dad. Even if he is an asshole.

16

I watched her fall on to the ground with me on top. Yet it was not her at all, it was some random dead girl, who looked to be the age of ten or so, that was hung- for doing less than I. I got off this

poor girl and was horrified. So, I ran and jogged, looking for her once more… as see vanished into the woods- I did not know that she was no scared of me, and what I did to here- it was in love- all this- that I did.

(It was not even about the blood.)

Eager that this would not be the result again. When I found her- she was sitting on what I thought was a rope tree swing, all alone in the thick fog she was naked. 'No- No- No!' I screamed.

She was hanging in the air. I was wondering also if I went too far, and I did. That was not her heart beating at all,

not... it was the left-over blood and embossing fluid dripping from her gashed feet. It was the sound of dripping on the ground, I could see this trill also from when she was running.

I am relieved that the hunger wolves did not descend on her. There is my love hanging from a nose, she knew they would find her. I know she was not afraid of me doing this. I guess she could not stand being without me.

However, should I bring her to life once more, so she can truly become like me and never die? Should I, do it?

Should I kiss her again to bring her back to life?

Why did she do this?

Or did she?

(Back)

Why I went to him for love and someone to trust- it was the angry mob people form the town- I call them wolfs, with their flaming torches, swords, and pitchforks from the village, which strung her up as she was running from them; for me to find because I did not do the job, they asked me to do. I guess killing her the way I did- was not good enough! I

climbed the tree with more of a struggle than I thought was possible.

How do people manage to climb trees, and make it look so easy? I thought… she is unclothed. She is getting colder… so-o yes, she is dying- I said by the feel. I looked at my pocket, and in it, I was lucky enough to have my trusty knife and cut the rope, and this was of the dead girl that was hung, and I kissed her and brought her back to life as a monster just like me. She became my little girl- yet I knew I would lose her too- for being what I am to her- and that was her KILLER! YET, I ALL WAYS WANTED TO BE A

DAD- NO I AM- and it was agent this 10-year old's well!

17

My new little love- my new little bundle of Lily, she fell to the ground, and that is when- I thought- I heard her make a slight gasp for air. Did I just hear that? Or was there someone there? I could not have a baby- so I strolled one for my own.

Naturally, I cut the rope, and she flopped around like a dead fish in the mud on the ground below. Then I climbed the tree once more, with her in my one arm, I did hear someone, and it was more than one. The mob of wolves come all around

the tree, there they are pocking us with their sharp weapons- I hope they give up soon... or before they think about lighting us up.

Me being the man that I am... I saw that my girl… and was like I have too… she was dead at 10- that is simply wrong. Why? Cute- yet her hair and body were too dirty for my liking. I could not let her be like this. So, I am going to have to find a river, or something and bath her! Before I want to give that long kiss to bring her to what I am- yet I cannot overdo it as you know.

18

No- I do not care if she is naked when I kiss her… do they- just if she has slickly smooth skin. It would be more romantic! Hum- they must have tried to grab her by that nighty she had on that, they hung her in, I put her in when she sprinted. This girl was charged with having a boyfriend at 10 years old- I say so what- even if she did- why kills her for it.

Finally, the mob gave up after an exceptionally long night of us sitting out on a limb high up in that tall old tree. They went back home to their families, yet I knew they would be back soon enough.

Like really get a life… I walked and walked, tripping over logs and sticks in these dark, and unsympathetic woods. Just holding her in my arms.

Almost like a baby in the arms of her daddy.

I found the river I was looking for, after walking for an exceptionally long time. Nevertheless, I ran to it. I placed her down, and then I got nude also, and I walked into the soft movie water in the moonlight, with her in my arms. Then I kissed her forehead… saying-' I'll bring you back to me… I will-my love.'

The river was cold but refreshing. I got the mud out and off her face, and I splashed the water all over her and rubbed her skin with my hands, I washed her long hair, and brushed it out with my fingers. I had my sharp knife with me in my hand, and I shaved my girl, I did her underarms, legs, and vagina. As well as I could, I know that she would want me to do that, she is a girl. And I am her man like her dad and let us not forget I am her savior. I have a right to do this… NO?

19

Plus, now it is the way I want her to be, I look at her, she is so sweet, even

like this limp and not moving. She is perfect… to call all mine. She is completely faultless to these old eyes, as I lay her in the grass to dry off. That is when I found Lily- she walked up to me asking what I did- to this girl- that is why she ran- I got down, and I lay next to her also.

I look up at the billions of stars over us, with this mixed-up family- wishing on one that she was alive- like my others little one, so we could just hold each other- as a young couple with a little one would do in the town, at this very moment. Looking over the water, with the moon setting with it glowing on the

reflection ripples. I lay my head on her chest, but there is no sound coming within her torso- of the little girl- she was now like me a fallen angel, with a witch for a mom- all I can hear is the river splashing. It saddens me at this most perfect of moments- that this was the outcome of both young lives for not understanding and judging before getting the whole story. 'You have to read between the lines to get it.'

20

The young girl- If only I could have the power to bring her to life- as I did with my girl that was put in the

ground- just to cover it up- I cried as her limp lifeless body lay on my lap.

Even as she is dead, her hair shines in the moonlight. It just glimmers like the stars shining endlessly. Lily was my heart and my soul and yet she has been taken from me. A piece of me was taken and could never be restored as her soul would never come back. I look at the dark sky with its bright full moon.

If only there was a shooting star. Nonetheless, that's only superstitions. I remember my father talking about it as if it were witchcraft and to never believed

in it or mentioned it. That talk was the only time that we had a good moment.

There were few I can assure you.

But then I am alone, dripping wet and cold. I know that the mob would not stop and search for me. The mob of wolves would continue to hunt me down in the daylight. I am suddenly getting hungry, and Lily was only going to slow me down. Then the thought occurred to me, how did the mob know where to find me, and that I was still alive to I was meant to go down with her.

21

Edward- who betrayed me? Was it my unloving father or the girl I loved too much? Everything I wanted seemed to fade from me, I knew I had to keep going or I was going to join her. I did not want to die. I am only eighteen, or so that is what everyone thinks.

(Back)

(The little girl's thoughts)

I am too young to die… she saying as the lead her to the tree… and I know my future will be big.

Like Lily- or mom- I must continue to run also, Edward I too- hiding and leaving the girl I loved too much, in

random spots. As death in boxes to cover her up to this world.

I know I would return to her one day. 'Goodbye, my love. May we see each other once again?' Written by Lily- Maybe I needed to kill my father to bring her back to life, he is the one that started all this. Yet I swear that I would never take another life, and kissing your dad on the lips like that to me is wrong. Yet it is worth thinking about. I chopped down several logs with my knife and rock, and made a lean-to shelter for her, I placed flowers that I picked around her now frosty body as a memorial.

I had to leave her behind, it was the hardest thing I ever had to do! I just want to give up and stay there with her. Yet I knew I had to go, but not for long, I would be back for her. When I had the right spill, love potion, or a night with a shooting star.

I had to find someone to help me with this rejuvenation or my love. I did not know if it was like a dance, which I needed to do or a chant, or what. I just did not know. I was clueless at what it would take to get your back. Who do I see about this without them thinking that I am completely crazy? Besides, would it be

wrong for me to want to bring her back to life?

She is the dyed girl I loved, that is resting in peace now- as I had to leave her there just for a while.

Treasured in my heart you will stay until we meet again someday. Death is the last chapter in time, but the first chapter in eternity. But my biggest question is will I see you there if I fail at this like my dad said I failed at everything I ever tried? God- I love to hate that man! He did nothing but abuse me. And as soon as I do, I find love… I must lose it. Is it because of him?

Why- I ask? Why me… have not I been through enough pain? I remember one of my punishments as a kid was getting locked into splintered wood head and hand locking gates, and the town would walk by spitting on me, throwing stones, my dad told everyone that I was touching myself, because I could not get a girl to have sex with me or get a date, and that was forbidden at the time. And doing that was considered a crime. He chased them all away- it was him, not me, which was the issue!

She was the only real love I ever had...! I recall my bastard of a father even tried to do it with my girl, asking her to

get down on her knees, the night I brought her home. I felt bad for him, I let him move in here. He tried to get her to make him happy. He would even touch her the - way, that I have seen him touch my mother it made me sick. I stopped him before she had to take it all down. He was falling drunk. That is why my mother let him, all those years ago.

He would tie her down to the bed, and do it so many times, and shove it in so hard that she bloods out for days after. That is how I was made, he raped and sodomized her every night in ways you cannot even image, or do not want too. Now he wants to do them - with her no it

is not happening. I will not let it. I would never look at a broom the - way. When she was fourteen, she got pregnant, and in those days, you had to marry the father of your baby. She said that if she got away, she would never come back, not even for me. Father blames me for her leaving, plus he did not have anyone to bang or bang around anymore, so he took it all out on me. If my mother were alive today, she would be 264 years old, then me.

She passed by giving birth to her second baby named Ashlyn. Mother, she bled to death from tearing and ripping when she pushed her out. Ashlyn was

born in the early 1700s and dyed at the age of six, from drowning in the wash tube. I never met her… and heard it in the late 1900s and I am still alive. Sometimes I lose track of time and dates.

On the other hand, my wife was born in 1999, and she passed on this year. Good God how things have changed all these many years. I worked for the Ford Motor company in 1909, I saw the first model- T drive away. I have seen it all… I remember the Titanic making the papers, as the ship that was sinkable. I have seen all the wars, I have even been in WW2, and was shot in the head. Yet I will not die… I just stay the - age of 18. I have

graduated from high school six times, in different towns… Hell back in the early day's us boys dropped out in sixth grade, to work in the coal mines, I recall my lunch bucket scraping on the railroad tracks as I walk in the dark to work as a little one.

Yeah, I have been to school many times just so I would fit in. I have seen a lot of people die. I wonder what complete death is like… I would not know; I was kissed by death by a ten-year-old named Julianna she was the daughter of a nurse… I do not know why she picked me. She became my first love in my life, and she reminds me so much of Lily, anyways

she was a fallen angel, so was her mom… I was deathly sick with pneumonia, in the hospital and she kissed me on the lips and that was it I was 18 forever.

She was my girl until my dad had her killed, with a wooden stake through the heart. I do not know if he gave the order… yet I blame him for her death too. I have no clue how he knew that she was a fallen angel, other them the sparkle of her big blue-green eyes. I have seen a lot of babies being born too. I became a doctor in that field, helping with childbirth, I made a promise to my mother that no girl under my care would die the way she did, legs open, vagina ripped to

her butt, only to die on the cold table, with no one caring, as the placenta is ripped out and thrown to the floor as the baby cries, for a mother that is never going to be there for her.

Yes, and the only reason, I must put up with my perverted dad, is that I know that he forced a sucking kiss on Ashlyn a day before her death. So, I am not sure, he is not going to be leaving me anytime soon.

Oh, and the only way I thought I could die, is if Lily and I kissed for so long that we both suck the life out of each other, or she ran a stake in my chest. Yet

that is just mythology to me. All these many years, I never ask, how to die or how to live, or how to get someone back. I wish I did, so she can live… I do not know I never asked, how this all works, it is not like today's books have it right.

Yet I want to live life with her. But what can I do? She is dead… So, saying that Lily was the only love I had, was not so… she is the one I chooses to live the rest of my days with now, just like all the other girls, when I had them in my life. I have a love for them all, and it never- ever lasted yet never- ever dies, even if they do. I do not think I am meant to have love, make love, or be loved. To

some love is a kiss goodnight, a kiss on the forehead, a kiss while having sex.

To some love is kissing at a wedding, kissing in the rain. It goes on and on. To some love is having babies, something I will never have just like I will never grow old with my lover. To some love is a state of mind that cannot be controlled. Oh, how I know this more than most, in this hellish world we call home. To most love is just screwing now- a- days that is just how it is. To me, love and kissing is a death sentence. No not for me… only for the girl that I love. They can live on resting in peace, yet here I am sullen.

Why? Why must I be angry… like this? I cannot blame God; he is not the one that did this to me. It is so hard to live with something you cannot ever-never have or get back. I do not have an answer for it or a cure. Yet! I just must live on without them, and mostly her and deal with it… as the town's people would say. Even so… did I do anything wrong? I do not think so… do you? Am I to blame for whom I became?

Was it my feeling to be picked for this? I love to death! I even love them after their death. I love them even more than the taste of their blood dripping in my mouth when I kiss them with my

passion. I mean you must kiss your love to show that you love her… right? There are so many myths about me. Like I do not feel pain, that I am cold and heartless.

No- I feel pain, I feel so much pain for myself, for her, for them, and even for you. Its people like you and them that have ripped my heart out by trying to stab me with their wooden stakes. We do not need to die like that, we want to understand something clearly at last just like anyone else.

Oh, and yes, I have a bed in my room even though I do not need to sleep. Coffins give me the creeps! I have seen

too many in my life, I do not want to sleep in one, because of that. I can be as warm as the next guy, more than him. I am warm not in the body but my personality. I am not a stocker, I do not try to be a player, and I do not try to be a bad boy.

If a girl wants me, then she can come to me, and if she falls in love with me, I do not force her to stay; knowing the circumstances; it is her option to kiss me, and to be my girl. She can be with me in my broken heart forever! One way or the other.

I still could not fathom how the mob discovered my immortal gift. It was

heartbreaking to see such people I used to know, and love turned on me so greatly. I am immortal. They fear me and yet they used to know me. They were my friends, family, everything I used to know and yet they fear me. They have the intent to kill because they fear what they do not understand. I lived too long to see how humanity works. I was born in

1672, and yet I know the future. What if I was not just immortal? What if I was god's vessel to this world? Has God given me the knowledge of the future that has yet to come? It's the 1990’s as of now, a deadly era that punishes those for being different.

Religion comes into their lives every day and I am not their friend. I am different and that sentences me to death. I cannot stay here anymore. I had a shitty childhood that ruined me.

My father turned from me, took my girlfriend's virginity, and made her his sex slave. Just like that boy did to the girl that was hung at ten- yet it was there say- not the girls. Just like- with my Lily. But no more shall he live. No more shall he punish me for existing.

He is a lazy bastard, that needs a good punishment, and good butt-kicking as well. I ran out of the woods where I

had spent many nights, I hid behind my home, the house I once lived in with my love and my dad. I cannot believe this new perspective; I see things in a whole new light. This was never my home. It died when my mother died and was murdered even beyond when Lily dead.

22

Death is near, I can smell it! Now it is time for me to do, what I should have done years ago, when he bent my mother over, and suck it in my butt hole. Just the way he does with all of us. I am going to cut that thing off, so he bleeds out slowly, and dies the way he should. That way he

can think about what he has done to all of us and are holes. I am going to make a hole where his dick should be and see how he likes it.

Indeed, it is safe to say that I have snapped, and it was love that made me crazy. I will throw it in the river, so the fish have something to nibble on. Yes, he has freaked the crap out of her, just like he did with my mother and all the girls that were in my life. I can still hear all the sounds of ripping, blood dripping, he got his red wings every time, when he jammed it into her. The girl’s every time there is calling out my name.

However, he had me tied up, or under his spell or something… it was like I was in a dream! I was so week and could not come to their aid. It was the - way when I was a boy, I never remember what happened. Yet I could feel it afterward. To me it does not madder if it is the 1690 or the 1990's having oral sex then missionary sex, or butt over, and she says- no, it means no… don't do it.

Yet he never got that, now it is time for me to get my revenge! But I could not stop him, so I am going to make sure he never penetrates another child if I live. I just do not know why I did not think about this sooner.

Yes, I did it!

I cut the dangly thing off!

I suck it in and twisted it his ass hole- and left it there- to be F-ed like I was. I got to him when he was resting in his bed, he looks up and gives me shit. So, I cut him off, by cutting him up, down there!

Now with my father out of the way and depriving me of his company. Now I can get back to my lovely love, which was left behind, to see if this worked. Before I do that, I must let some of that red stuff come out, from his makeshift spout into a jar. It is what I

need to poor in her to bring her back to life.

Yes, I asked someone, who know more about this than me. Before I came back to my home. I went to see a fortuneteller, and she said- 'That to bring her back to life, I had to take the life of who damned her soul, and took her virginity. She added- Make the gash form the spot where the unjustness took place. Take his blood and pour into her porthole to her soul, known as her vagina, and it should bring her back to you as she was. When you kiss her while making sweet and passionate love to her mix this in with your fluids.'

I was never- ever so grossed out in all my days. But I would do anything for her, I mean anything. Yet she was not 100% sure it would work, and I was not sure if I want to have sex with my dead wife. Plus, pouring my father's blood in there and mixing it all up in there on top of it all with mine. That is so freak'n nasty! There are so many wrongs here, it must be right.

On top of that, I was not the one taking her virginity, as I should. Hell, all I was getting his leftovers, again I might add, I feel cheated like always. It is like I am eating out his leftovers too and can taste it. God- that is vile! No matter how

many times you bathe a girl, you cannot help but think someone else has been in there, and that is just not cool! Call me old-school but a girl should only have one lover in a lifetime, and that love with her should have been me.

However not even this can stop me from absolutely loving her…

I will try anything at this point. Who knows she might just get pregnant? That is the hope in my heart that she and I have a baby. If it is possible… for us, and if everyone would back off, and let it happen. I know the mob of wolves would see her big pregnant belly, they would

hold her down, and cut her open and rip my baby out.

Like a helpless little girl… they would kill her. I could see it now, them sticking her… ending it all before it starts. I can see her small nude body with the cord attached… go limp, and I would lose, yet another love of my life. I do not know if I could take seeing that.

My life just keeps getting increasingly disturbing, but so real. It has always been this way, all the way back to that day, that I become one of these fallen angels.

23

So-o I just keep on running, running, and running! She is gone...! There is nothing worse than waiting and not knowing what will happen. Your imagination can be crueler than any kidnaper. Who would take her from her resting place? I must find her. I just hope that the mob did not burn her body if they did nothing will ever bring her back to me. I will never- ever stop loving her! I will look for her until I cannot look anymore.

I am haunted. Haunted by all my dark childhood. I have been cheated of having a good life. I had a bastard of a father. I had my mother's life ripped out

of my life. I had my one true love stolen from me, and yet her soul has not been strong enough to fight death.

Death is all around me. I have been kissed by death and it still was not enough to comprehend. I came back vigorously, and love that would never die. Here I stand in the middle of the lagoon covered with long grass, a pretty lake that glimmers in the sun. I felt empty. The mob of wolves stole her from me once again. I ran towards a small house in the woods and took the damp clothes that hung on the line. I heard a small twig break from a distance, I turned and saw a farmer with a rifle glaring at me with

bloodthirsty eyes. 'Damn it. Please! Mr., please. I just need to find my wife- Lily. Please, just let me pass through and I will let you live.'

I held my hands up. 'You're the guy, the council buried. How the hell did you live?' The farmer continued to hold the rifle up. I gulped and ran hearing gunshots following me, as I ran further into the woods- getting out of yet another box. I knew I have been hit many times- with this all.

I came upon a 1956 Cadillac that was discarded, which was left in his field, it was sitting in the farmer’s lawn, one

crank and I got it running, and it was backfiring away. Now the search is on…! The farmer was pissed I jacked his classic car. He was shooting his gun at me. It looked like a scene from a Bonnie and Clyde movie.

Nevertheless, I was on the run. Hauling butt and driving fast. It is going to be a lot faster to find her, with a car! Thank god, it's the 1990’s. There're no cellphones yet in everyone’s hands to reveal your locations or Global Positioning System or GPS to follow your trail.

As I stepped harder on the gas pedal, I saw in the cracked mirror, the farmer running out onto the road screaming his guts out. 'Obviously, he ran out of bullets.' I chuckled in laughter. Then something occurred to me, I had not laughed this much since my last memory of being with Lily.

I drove as fast as I could. Suddenly a deer ran into the road, and I swerved onto the other side of the road, nearly driving off the upcoming bridge, and fell into the water. I screamed in fear, like a little school girl. My name is Edward and I am a fallen angel, who is about to drown in water that cannot kill

me. Why am I screaming my head off like such a pansy? I was no better than this…

I have had a lot of names; Edward is the one I use now- throughout the years to keep up with the time. So, people would not be able to track me down, as I fled from town to town. Christer was one in the 1800's Edward is not the name- I was given by my mother. I cannot reveal my true name to you. I am not sure I can trust you with that information. Sorry, it is not you, it is me.

I thought about everything that has happened to me. So much darkness's have consumed me whole, and I cannot

overcome it. But it was my death that made it permanent. I am a creature of the night, who can survive in the light. But I am not stereotyped by fallen angels who sparkle in the light or ones who can burn in the sunlight or have daylight rings to protect them. I can walk in the light and not be damned by others.

But then that is no longer true. I am a stranger among those who knew me and loved me. I stayed in the water thinking and daydreaming of the memories that did me well thinking about how my sister drowned and how the water must have consumed her lungs. Sucking in more water. I was frightened

by that fact, and I turned away in shivers and swore I saw her face looking into mine.

It was not her I see… No, it was a middle-aged man with a beard, hazel eyes, and dark tan skin. He wore an outfit of a religious man thought I was drowning; I was just flowing. He pulled me and directed me to swim, but I was not going to budge. He grew angry and impatient, and his hold on me tightened. He was going under to help me. He was not going to let go, and I could not let yet another person die. So-o I swam above, and he gasped for air. 'Geez, man, you got a death wish. Why didn’t you swim, you

know you can’t keep your head underwater for more of a minute or so?'

He gasped more. 'Maybe I just wanted to stay there and drown.' I answered and looked away from him. 'Why?' He asked in confusion.

'Because I lost her.' I whispered in sadness. Lost?

Who? What? When? Did he ask?

24

Her…! I said. Who is this girl? And what did she do to you? He said. 'Oh, just the gal that set my soul a-firer.' I whipped- 'Oh never mind it’s hopeless,

just like I am hopeless.' 'Have some hope,' the man said. I said- 'Hope! Hope is for babies and people that are alive that doesn’t know how to live.' I said- 'You didn’t need to save me…' 'Um,' is the sound he made? 'I don’t need saving.' 'You can't save something like this.' 'What are you saying my child?' 'What am I saying… I am saying that I can last forever.' 'That I can’t perish.' 'Impossible!' The man said.' 'I should bite you so you could understand.'

'The hell I have lived. You could never understand it.' 'Bit me,' he said? 'Nah- that’s okay you’re not a young girl so-o I think not.'

So, you have a lust for the flesh?'

'Yes… biting and kissing is my whole problem, that’s something you’ll never understand.' 'Confess my son.' he said to me.' I said- 'What’s the use, my soul has been dammed.' Then he said- 'Oh no but you are wrong, any soul can be saved, my child. Confess and the Holy Ghost will lead you on your way. To her whomever she is… Dry your eyes my son there is no need to cry blood.' 'I know I am not being much of a man.' He said- 'You’re in love!' I nodded- yes. He said- 'That's all it is. You will see her when the time is right if it is meant to be so. But

you have to have faith in her and God above you.'

I wipe away my tears and watched him immediately jump up and out of the water. 'So, are you coming? Let us see the lord guide us, down the path to your love if its right or wrong. What is her name?' He asked and led me to his truck and twisted his wet damp clothes. On the bank next to the truck. I said- 'Yes, damned if I do, and damned if I don’t.'

'Before we go you sure you don’t want to be baptized?'

Yes, I am sure, you might do that, and you will crumble to ash or something

like that, for your safety I am going to say no. Did he whisper- Oh? I am not saying that I do not believe your ways, I do. I was razed to believe it; it is just I am not sure what would happen to me.

Being this way that I am. Like I might turn to stone. Then he asked me the most random question: So, do fallen angels use a bathroom? I said- 'I haven’t taken a shit, in years, ironic everyone piles theirs on me!' Then I said- 'Why did you ask me that?'

'Because I need to find a bathroom soon! Fallen angels frighten the poo out of me!' 'Don’t worry, I only suck

on girl!' He giggled awkwardly. I snickered, he made me laugh. The second time since her death. 'Don’t fear I am not going to hurt you.' If anything, you are my first friend. The first person to ever trust me, and that trust, and not think something evil. He said- 'Okay friend... will find her. Do you see those sun rays over yonder... our God is showing us the way?'

'I believe that!' I said... (With surprising newfound faith.)

25

'With the lord, he will help guide the way.

Come heartbroken person and let us start walking.

We are there. The lord tells us it's not far.' He leads me into the woods and furthers the watery spot. I have been led to an old warehouse that seems secret because I have never seen it before. I hesitate before going in. He may be leading me into a trap. There is a saying. 'Don't trust anyone and keep your friends close and your enemies closer.' He is neither friend nor foe because I do not know him closely to decide.

Yet I had trusted... but not fully trust, I walked wheezing. There she was

lying on the table looking at me with only the soul no life- this young sweet thing she was only five- I was asked to bring her back. I noticed she was still naked, and that sheet covered her body. I said this is not what you think I can do- it is not holly.

I turned over to the priest, he jumped like to what I said- what would be done but smiled. 'Um- If anyone asks, I never disliked you. Yet I have to say that.' I quickly took a step back and rubbed my neck tensely. I went back to Lily saying I would tackle the body of the young girl- and I did the - with here and now she is mine, not caring about what was

surrounding me, and picked her up and carried her out.

'Hey, Priest guy! A little help!' I called out- as I was swept off my feet by the spirits- around me- and saw him come to my rescue- throwing holy water…

The mob was on their way- I saw them coming- lost and a lot of members and been taken away by others in the pack. 'So, I finally meet the creature of the night. Hello Christer-Edward.

If that is your real name.' He crossed his arms in a wicked way. It looks like I am not going to get out anytime soon.

He walked up to me I was just hanging around, 'so, it was all an act? You set me up, didn’t you?' 'No!' Out of the shadows, a man slithered out, and said- 'It was not him; it was me!' I knew the voice- it was my dad! 'Son you never were good at anything, not even killing me.'

'I prayed and prayed to him to bring you here. You have two options, give me your body and soul or I take hers. Either way, son you’ve failed.' He said- 'Son I would not mind at all living the rest of my days in her beautiful body, as a girl.

As you know I have no adulthood now because of you. I am the one that wants you to go.

I do not like you, I never did I wanted to kill you from the day you popped out of your mother. You are just like my dad in every way. May he rot in hell! Son no one wants you in this town.' 'Yet if Lily because me, I can stay here, just like you I have been on the run.'

(I did not believe a word my dad said. I never did, he just wants to live in her so I die he knows that would kill me.) The holy man said- 'Put your trust in the Lord your ass belongs to your dad now.'

Then he said- 'I must go now, sorry sonny, you are never alone, God be with you, and if you're not guilty; you have nothing to be afraid of in the eyes of the Lord. Let God have mercy on your soul.'

'Hey! - Hey!' He never looked back at me, and into the sun he went out the wood sliding doors. Then I remembered that I had my knife. Think Christer- Edward thinks to plan… I need to cut this and then cut him up into little pieces and light the pieces on fire before he clams her soul. Mine is already gone. Yet how? With my tiny love in my arms, how is this going to work?

Whatever I do I have to move swiftly! All in that - moment I could not help but look into the closed eyes of my beloved. Her eyelashes long and shut tightly, her hair awe taking, with soft springy waves. It was like she was asleep, dreaming the most wonderful and darling fantasy ever. It was like she was smiling at me like she knew I was there with her as if I was her hero! I know it is like she can slightly feel that I am with her. Yet I feel as if I will never trust again.

26

Yes, this act of betrayal of the first friend I had for a while had surely

hurt me in ways you could never imagine. How a priest could turn so good to evil in a matter of seconds. God or the Devil had clouded his judgment. I had to get out and help my sweet Lily before, they could tarnish her anymore. I put her over my shoulder and ran as fast as I could. I ran like the wind with a whooshing sound and headed to the car.

I kept driving until I realized something in a fairy tale story I once read. There was a prophecy that there was a special vial that could bring a dead person back to life. I must go and endure the most challenging trails to get there,

but anything is worth having my Lily back, who has been kissed by death.

Like- a secret, of love, a secret of life, and a secret of bringing someone back to life. It was not so much as a fairytale, as it was more something I read in Romeo and Juliet. So, the journey endures, now for a pink poison that works in reverse. I left a part out, as I ran out my dad got tangled and trapped in the net that I was in with her, that is when he fell to the wooden floor. That was meant for me, and before getting in the - car to escape (Oh the farmer was in it too, he knew I would take this car.)

Like a bat out hell.

I snatched the gas can in the back seat, and ran back, and let that place up, I saw him burn. The heat of the flames in my old still heart was thrilling! With any luck that is the last time, I must see his face in my life. Yes, a vial just like the lime green ones, which I can drink, takes me to a different time and a different place. Almost like a different life altogether.

I kept on driving and turning down roads. I am curious, if anyone sees me, I must not be followed. I looked back and hid my car in the bushes, as I went to

our secret place. It was a little cabin out of town, where we would both hide and express our true nature. She is my little witch, and I am her bigger fallen angel. I went inside and the floor creaked. I lifted the carpet. and opened the hideout and picked up a piece of paper.

I have now gone over dirt paths; like the ground, she has been covered over with. I have even walked where there was no path at all, just like I did to find here from day one. But now it is to get the freedom we all need to have a life, that is all we want, and that is when Lily said let me out of this car- I do not get why…

She wanted to rest a pace…

27

(A year has passed)

The key was getting what I need like a potion or a spell-like avail of something to make her love me- I do not see why- she falls out of love whit me in the first place. I was the face I could not give her a real family- or her baby- or that what she was letting me think.

So, I can get you back to me, so we can live our life. I looked high; I looked low. I have looked inside, and I have looked outside, I have felt her insides, I have felt around the outside. I

have swum in the waters, on the way, I have lived in this car from day to day.

I have fed off the blood of the mobbing wolves, howling at the full moon to trap me, in the woods. I kill them so they will not kill me. All for her!

As you know, I cannot kiss her the way I should stay alive and thrive. If I do not find

this vial soon, I will get so week I break down to nothing.

Or at least that is how I feel; I am not sure what will happen to me. I am not sure what will happen to her, I must be her hero, I must be!

As I drove as fast as I could, the tires burned the road, and every time the gasoline or tires went out, I just hotwired a car and continued to drive. Nothing was going to stop me. Nothing. After five hours of driving, I finally reached Mount Valhalla.

I sighed in relief and started to climb up the mountain. It is going to be a while before I get there, thank God I am not affected by the high altitude. Thank God, I am a fallen angel. A fallen angel in love.

'This would have been a lot faster if only I would have had her broomstick!' I

left her in the car in the dark trunk. I have no keys, and that is a good thing, but the doors are unlocked, but there was no selection but to leave her behind like I did before. It is not like I had a donkey to put her and me on to reach the Promised Land. I covered the car with willow branches, alone with her nude torso, at the base of the mountain. 'I am on my way now my love, I said.' before leaving her. It is like she trembles, for knowing my-absents, or she could see the forthcoming, I ran my fingers through her hair.

Besides, closed the truck with a thud. I knew the only way to get it open would be with pure power in busting the

latch. And after… I have this vial! I will be able to rip the car apart with my bare hands! Here we go again, the never-ending climbing battle for love! I hit the lock button on the door knowing that it would not be opened.

28

It always looked easy to climb a mountain, and I used to envy those with the strength to be able to climb a mountain and be just an ordinary person. I sighed and grumbled as I had only been climbing for about five minutes and I was not even close to reaching where I needed to go. I grabbed the next rock and

suddenly little pebbles started to fall. 'That isn't a good sign.'

I looked around trying to find another avenue, I could try to get to the point of my destination. I tried to grab another rock and climbed up one until the rocks holding me up collapsed, and I fell off feeling like I was flying in midair for a few seconds before meeting the ground and feeling agony in my back. 'Freaking!' I screamed in pain. If I cannot enter the mountain by climbing it, I will have to find another entry point. But I am too close to stop now.

29

I am past the point of no return. I must have her love, or I will surely die. I was on the face of the rocks, I had three-point of contact, my hand, one foot, and my left nut. I was just hanging there, could not go up, could not go down. I need a way up there, which is when I feel like a stone, and when my only green vial in my jacket broke, 'Oh Bloody Hell!' I said, somehow, I jumped in time to 2016, everything was so different… a man walked up to me, he had a phone on his wrist, and all kinds of gadgets that I have never seen before, that would beep, ring, and talk. He said- 'Why are you lying on the ground.'

I said- 'I am trying to get to the top.' That is when he said- 'Your dumb butt- take the inclined plane to the top it’s only three dollars.' So, like a moron, I get up and walk in line and hand the teenage girl, which runs the ride, my timeworn money.

She looked at me like I was a worm!

That is when I realized the car was gone, and there was a resort at the top of the mountain, and I was all out of green vials. So now what am I going to do? Now I need to get back to that time, I

was in…! And now I need to get the pink and green vial made. But where and how?

Here I am lost stuck in a time zone that is not ready for me. I looked around me absorbing in my pristine environment and realized I am in a time zone years ahead of me.

I saw a hot blond skinny jogger running past me, and I tapped her on the shoulder. 'Hi miss, I'm a bit lost. Can you tell me what the date is and where exactly am I?' I asked her sweetly. 'Uh, Sir. Did you have a lot to drink last night? What the hell are you wearing?'

She crossed her arm as she looked at me up and down. 'Yeah, I drank a- lot of bourbon, and I had a costume party. Could you please let me know where I am and what time I'm in?' I asked her about getting impatient. 'Oh- you must've had a lot to drink. You are in California and the year is May 5th, 2016.

Does that help- smart ass?' She asked looking at me with concern. 'Thanks, miss.' I smiled and walked off. I am in 2016, this is going to take me a while. I just wanted to slap her into last year, she was so belligerent but so good to look at.

She did not even make eye contact with me! I know she was shy but come on, I am not that freaked out in the face! Or is it because guys do not wear capes anymore? I smell bad.

Looking at her like what are those strings hanging out of her short slacks? One is a white braided thing in the front, and the other two soft pink ones by her butt? My God if they get any shorter, she is going to have to powder to more cheeks and cut another head of hair! They do that now, all the time, would that be a good thing. Did I just see her nipples popping out at me too, though her skimpy white top? Damn girls go- and

put something on! Global warming must be true? Just look at all these teen girls half-naked. My God- I find myself standing here half-hard, and drilling. Look at that shit around their eyes that is black, they have more eye shadow around their eyes than I do mine.

How can their faces be so gorgeous and flawless? Is what I doing now cheating? God, I need to get back before I nail one of these little girls! Or worse kiss them! Surely if I did that, I would nail my coffin. If I would get caught! Oh, if she would find out! How tempting, this is… I never have seen so many good-looking girls like this. I walk

around like a nomad, almost getting run over by all the cars. How things have changed just since the 1990s! It is like being on a different planet if you go back to the 1600s.

30

What- McDonald's what am I doing here- and there everywhere you look? That shit would kill you, but everyone is eating it. Just like what is with all these big ass ladies' doing just walking around in the Walmart at am. Go home! I have never seen so much Junk in one place! I feel like I am walking around in the twilight zone!

I cannot believe how attracted I was to a girl from another time. A girl who is in another world, who would shit herself, if she knew half of the things about my life. But I would love to bend her over and rip off her shirt...Oh shit! What a freaking thing am I thinking? I am smarter than that to follow my sexual desires. My heart belongs to Lily anyway, we would never see each other again, so it is not worth it. I reassured myself. I needed to find a way out of this world. I looked around me and went down to every bloody shop of a clairvoyant pretending to be one. 'What the hell? Doesn't anyone know honesty and

manners anymore? I mean come on!' I growled in frustration and found myself at the last existing 'Witch shop.' I walked in and asked her to tell me what I needed just by touching me.

A middle-aged woman around her twenties touched me, and I finally got the answer wanted. She knew exactly who I was, and what I was doing at this time. She brewed a potion without mentioning a word to me and finally put it in the vial. I swallowed the entire vial and suddenly my world changes all around and I am back in the other time where I could get that girl to fall for me. Or that was the

hope- I sigh in relief and attempt to jump as high as I can to get to the top.

I could not believe what I saw with my eyes. It was a lake full of lava and on the other side, there lay the special potion I so needed. This is going to take a while. I needed to make a rope bridge, after that thought, I was like something is not right!

I remember I drank blue vial, and it did send me back. But there is one big problem, it turned me into a little green serpent with a cape. Then after a long night of smashing and drinking.

I could see myself in the car paint! Now hopping around I could see everything, but with like beer goggles on. That is what I got for wanted to love one of the girls back there! She read my hart, hands, and thoughts, and must have put that in the mixture. I believed that there would be side effects, but nothing like this… how am I going to get the trunk open now like this, I do not even have any thumbs, I could not jack it… you know even if I wanted too. I knew the only way I would be turned back into me is to kiss the girl that is my true love on the lips. Or at least that is how the story should go.

'I know why she did this… I was cheating in my mind, and she didn’t like it, all witches stick together, this is payback.' Yet which lips do they mean? What do I kiss the valva or mouth? In my mind I was thinking dirty in the joke, will at least I have the tongue for it. I will have to kiss both sets of lips on her body and see what happens. That is if I can find a way up there! Good thing she has died; I do not think girls like her like kissing serpents! Yet how do I get into this car like this now, and get where I need to go?

So now I need to kiss her, to become a man, and I need to kiss her for her to become alive, and yet I still need to

get that pink vial. You know… call me delusional but, who wanted me in her bed, and wanted to play with my broomstick? She seemed to be into me, like she knew that I had something she needed. She did not want me to go. She did not want me to kiss Lily, she tricked me. I need to stop trusting random-ass witches! I will be lucky if I do not get warts and knowing me- as they will be on my genitals! At this point, I would just be happy to get my six, and one-half inches back like before. This girl is killing me, but that is love!

31

I fell off a cliff and thudded to the ground. I looked around and found my car. Thank God, she is still in there, I managed to see in through a little rust hole. Then I realized that I cannot open the door because I have no hands. I frowned and shook my head. How was I going to get myself out of this? Then it just hit me, I need to find a lily flower and a four-leaf clover and mix it with some monthly blood of the girl I love, that is the potion I need. I hope that is all right.

Before I kiss her lips, and I become a man! I will do it myself, like always. So, I hopped around and nibbled on a lily that was in the parking lot. I

hopped around till nightfall till I found a four-leaf clover. Thankfully, there was a rust hole in the back of the trunk of the car that I slithered into after falling on my ass several times. Anyways, I got the blood I needed when I was liking her up and down. I heard a ticklish giggle.

The blood was old, but it was there deep inside, the taste of it was indescribable, and I kissed both lips in two jumps, now I did not know what was going to happen. I saw what looked like magic dust puffing in the air, yet that was the only light I could see. Something happened it just got cramped in here… but what? I had to go by feel.

32

Holy crap!

I have a- Winky!

I am a man; I am a man…!

I cannot believe it I am a man!

I never knew how nice it was to have to rearrange my nut sack. I have legs, I have arms, and let us not forget about their thumbs! Eyes! Do I have eyes? Please, the sacred voice asking God tells me that I have eyes. I can see! I can see! Holy freaking! And yet again, it is dark in this trunk, so maybe that is it. Here I am cramped in my freaking small truck. God,

I feel sorry for anything that I packed here. I am on top of Lily who needs some clothes, but I cannot do that until I get the potion. All this bloody trouble for some freaking resurrection.

I rearrange myself and kick open the trunk with my incredible fallen angel strength, and I jump out feeling a chill in the air. Rain is blistering heavily towards me and her. I see from my left eye what is left of my trunk, and I frown realizing it.

There is no way I will be able to fix this or put it back on my car. I jumped up high and reached the - position I was in. I found myself in front of a lava pool

with very weak and delicate steppingstones. I could see from a distance a beautiful sparkle of the vial I so desperately needed. 'Well, here I go.' I whisper to myself and jump onto the first step, almost falling into the pool. Sunlight could not kill me, but lava would. I jumped again and sighed in relief that I made it. I continue jumping until I am halfway across the pool to the vial. I see it! It is closer.

33

My heart leaped when I saw- that I have done okay with the girls, but I cannot stop now- I want that girl too. Not

when she is exposed and easy to get kidnapped. I jumped onto the last step onto the landing. I walk up to the rock holding the vial. 'Only those who have worthy intentions may be allowed to take such a vial.' A voice calls out from a distance. Could it be that I stepped on a vocal recording or is there someone already there watching my every move and ready to take what I so need?

'Who is your daddy!' the voice calls out; I look behind me I see him; with my girl’s legs slung… one over each of his shoulder, her hair and head dangling downwards. I thought I killed you, I screamed! 'Son- son- son boy you’ll never

kill me! I am just like you until I get the love I need.

Your daddy thinks it is time for your bedtime story, while I tuck and suck on your girl in me in my bed! What do you think about that?' I said- 'Freaking no you douche-bag!' 'Son- you need to go and suck on some soap, with that dirty mouth of yours! Anyways there is nothing you can do about it.' Now the fighting begins I must push him into this hot stuff, so I can get my hot stuff back.

He had me on the edge, after throwing her to the ground, like she was a rag doll, I knew that something of hers

broke. Yet I had to think about me for the time being. How is it going to be me… or him! Whose love for her is stronger?

34

I am freaking hate this guy. One would imagine the bloody bastard has nine lives, but it is ironic since I have more than just nine lives. He smirks as he watches me figuring out how I was going to stop him for once. But I had the advantage of him, but with the lava, so did he. I jumped, and kicked him in the stomach, watching him fall to the ground with me standing on top of him like a surfboard. He grabs my ankles, and I trip

feeling my hair touch a little bit of lava, that was so damn hot, it was like fire in my hair. I yelp and move away and watched him punch me in the face three times. I could feel my sour blood spill from my mouth until I realized, Blood is my friend. I leap up and grab his neck and lift him choking him out. I walk over and hold him over the lava pool.

'Son, let us talk about this, I'm sorry- please don't let go of me!' He begged and I looked over to my Lily, and I thought about how he wanted to sexually assault her like he sexually assaulted my mother.

He was the one man who could make me regret having him as my father. I dropped him, and he screams as he falls into the lava. I sped away from the lava and watched it consume him whole. I turned around and picked up my vial and poured it down Lily's porthole to the soul. I understood something clearly at last of her soul start to brighten as her skin color became white once again. She opened her eyes and saw me. She jumped and moved away.

'Lily. It is me. It is Christer-Edward.

35

Do you remember me?'

I crawled towards her, and she looked down screaming, even more, covering the private parts of her body. Her first words she said snakingly- 'Way, am I na-naked?'

Then she proceeded to say freaking out. 'Do you see all this come and blood dripping out of me? Like you could have shot it on my face for all I care, not deep inside me!' she asked me- 'Did you do this to me?' I just looked at her in awe! She kept running at the mouth- 'If you did… you know that I'm not on the pill!' I just looked dumbfounded

thinking all girls or on that shit at least they are now. 'You know this right?' I said 'No.' What, you’re going to have a fat pregnant wife.' 'Yes, know when a girl is pissed when she starts moving her hands around like Beyoncé!'

Now in my mind, I was thinking this question- 'Is she, or isn’t she? Or worse who’s the daddy?' I was hoping it would all drip out. (Dr-ip! Drip!) And it would not be he is a seed that impregnates her. That is when I thought there must be a virgin vial also? Just like there is a pill to stop her from getting pregnant. But do I need to stop it… would

this baby be mine? Or would I kill my baby? Or would I be killing his?

There must be something, I can do before she rips my dick off, and slaps me up with it! But what...?

I knew I had to ask the question which would change my life. 'Is the baby mine?' She lifted her shoulders in question. 'I don't think so.' My heart raced, feeling more rage than ever. He is dead and yet he still torments me. 'Is it my father?

You do not need to ever worry about him anymore. He's gone out of our lives forever.' I grabbed her wrists and

she quickly moved away and started jumping on the steppingstones. 'Lily?' I asked in concern and followed her. 'No! Leave me alone! I do not know who you are! You’re so not the man I thought you were.' She continued to get further away from me. I wonder how long it will take for her to realize she has no idea where she is.

This is horrifying to me, but I could see that baby coming out looking like my dad, or even being my dad oddly enough, like being born again out of her. Just popping slightly out… 'Looking like Achmed the Dead Terrorist!'

Then something inside me just snapped. (One eye twitched twice.) 'I am done; I am just done fighting for her.' I thought- 'There comes a time where every man reaches his breaking point. And mine was when she thought I would do that to her or let him have his way. She holds me responsible, regardless? Like I was deviant demonic sick-o.' (There comes a time when you must let her go.) If she wants me, she will come back to me… right? Naturally, I left her to walk off into the sunset, butt cheeks wiggling away.

(Am I going to regret it?)

I do not know yet. So… I am thinking about her already. In nine months, I will know if I am a daddy or not. Even though she thinks… I have no way of truly knowing. She is going by feel and that is not always right. She will be back if she loves me! That is not if the mob of wolves do not find her and the baby first. And do what I said they would. But I am just DONE! I wonder where she is going to go now. I wonder what I am going to do without her now.

She is naked running across a pond of lava, who is already four weeks pregnant. She is my love navigating a world that has moved on from her death. I

could not just leave her. 'Perhaps I could watch her from a distance and protect her when she needs it. I thought. I saw that she had finally reached the other side and I continued to follow her. 'I don't trust you, but where the freaking am I?' Lily covered her boobs and vagina- sheepishly…

'Look at least let me drive you back to your hometown, and you can get some clothes. Here- take my jacket…' I gave her my jacket and she took it. 'TURN AROUND!' She screamed, and I turned around when I did not, and she put the jacket on, and I spun around and led her to my truck. 'What do you remember…?' I

asked trying to have a conversation. 'Nothing, I can't remember anything…' She sat hunched overlooking out the window, fogging it up with her breath. I put on the heater and heat started to come out through the vents. She screamed until she inspected the vents closer. 'Why do you drive so fast?' 'It’s Just a fallen angel thing,' I said.

'What is it?' she asked dumbfounded. Looked at her and it just hit me, she is not a fallen angel or a witch, she is just a teen girl that got her life back that is why she left me.

After all this- she is just the way she was before all this took place. I went along with it.

'It's not all just stifling air coming out. Even if we do not breathe- It helps in keeping bodies like ours warm, to feel loved- do you like it, this feeling?'

I replied keeping my eyes on the road. 'It burns my skin.' She looked at me. 'Yes, that happens when your skin is cold. But do not worry, it won't hurt you unless it's on higher.' I smiled. Knowing that it was frostbite. 'I believe you.' She smiled with a sparkle in her eye.

'You do remember me, don't you?' I smiled some… 'How could I ever forget the love of my life? He spoke.

I love you Christer.

And I am pregnant, I created a potion to prevent myself from getting pregnant by your father before raped me.

I remembered what you said to me. So, I am fine and thank you for being me back to life. So instead of going back there, why don't we go and explore the world like France and get me some clothes.' She chuckled and held my hand. I laughed and we both listened to old music as we rode into the sunlight.

Nine mounts later a new fallen angel baby was born. A little girl that was all ours, we named Faith. We both reached the successful conclusions that we want so badly, and found love within love, by having something and someone to love more than life itself. Turns out it was my loves baby after all- I got everything I ever wanted- and we lived happily ever after.

Chapter: 1

The first time, now here I am gasping for air, I just got kissed; kissed by death- like sin and the lust. Nothing could ever stop me from dying... Or could it? I was too blind to realize that hope could free me from this. From this everlasting darkness and everlasting torment. But here I am stuck in a wooden box with a ton of dirt surrounding me. I am just an ordinary girl. 'Why would anyone want to put me into this box? It's not just a box, I believe I'm underground.' I thought. Was anyone out there trying to find me? I asked myself. I did not want to die like this, at least not in this why. I punched

the wooden ceiling, I had it above me. It made no difference.

'Damn it!' I growl and rub my sore fist. The pain my fist was feeling did not matter. The worst pain was coming from within. If I had one wish while in this freaking situation, what would it be? I forced my mind to think, and I wiped away all the tears coming from my eyes. 'Is it so hard to think of the one last thing that I want? Is there nothing that I ever wanted that badly? Was there never really any purpose in my life? And right now, should, I'll be sad about the fact that my life would just end as soon as the oxygen in this box runs out... or about the heart-

wrenching realization that I've been living a life which had no purpose of its own?'

Well, that is not true; it is just a warning bell ringing aloud. My life is not ending at all. This all has been an engagement orchestrated, just to get me to wake the freak up, and bring me closer to a purpose. I do not know what that would be. However, something which binds me to some other being, or some other force which would lead me to a place where at least I could find peace before I take my last breath. And become exposed no longer. Unnati58I had only one thought. 'Get out of here before you die. I punch and punch so hard. My hand

became swollen and bloody. Dirt was coming in like a river pouring into a shallow area. 'I have to get out. I must get out. I must get out' I climbed and dug through the dirt before my hand could something. It is air. I could feel the air. I continued digging with my eyes closed and I finally stuck my head out into the air. I looked at my surroundings. I am back. I am back in the 1690s. I must hide before they suspect me once again.

Chapter: 2

My breath quickens faster, faster, and faster as I think about the world around me.

Thinking about how I used to glance up at the brightening expanse of the sky, I bit my lip. I could see slivers of light within the box's boards. That is when I knew that I was not covered completely yet with the earth above me. That dawn was showing me the light looking at the patches of growing crops, I realized that farmers would be out soon. I kicked and kicked until my feet were cut, but I did it. I got out, nevertheless, I had to hurry. 'Hey! Who is there? 'A farmer calls out. I gasp in fear of being noticed and run more. I find a church nearby and hide behind it. As I ran towards the church, I decided to go inside, and let the

doors close behind me; so that the farmer could not get to me. I ran like I never ran before! I realized it has been really- long since I have been to a church. My mother's resentful words started ringing in my ears. 'One day you'll see. It will be the only place you will have left to go to. You need to be saved, yet you will never be if you do not want to be. Do you see...? You say you do not believe in Him. Oh, that day is on its way, you will have no one to help you and you will feel the wrath. You will see. The time will come.' Though I am still not a believer it is funny. A practical joke that life has played on me. Hell, like it was wished on me. At

last, here I am, where I thought I would never be. As I hobbled inside, I was astonished by what I saw. I could not believe my eyes. Could this be? No? Yes? It was... or am I hallucinating? At this point in my mind, I was too damn to try to differentiate between what is real, and what was unreal. Nevertheless, I see what I never believed in.

I walk to the front of the altar he looks up from the book in which he was reading. It is not a Bible. I was sure I knew him he gave me his seed which made my life. It looks like an old book on philosophy. 'How did you get here?' He smiles then closes the book. 'You weren't

hard to find.' He stands from the pew he was at and gives me a once over. 'It's a good look for you.' 'What? Dirt and near-death?' He smiles again. The wrinkles around his eyes crinkle slightly and the light catches his salt and pepper slicked-back hair. 'No. Survival.' I do not know how long I was out there. It could have been a day; it could have been weeks. I do not know... I am so confused. 'You look good for a young girl that has been rolling around in the dart.'

'Heh- thanks... I guess.' I chuckled and looked at him. 'I must ask you something. I saw you back when they pushed me into the cold hard ground and

buried me, you were there in the crowd. Why did you let them bury me? I'm your daughter and yet you treat me like a stranger.' He kept on smirking at me with that sideways smile. I yelled, "would you stop looking at me like that. It is starting to freak me out. So freak'n creepy! 'You wanted me to stay out of your life. That was one way that you would be gone, I knew you would come crawling back, you always come back... like the little girl that you are, but this time was the longest you have been gone. It's been a long time.' He rubs his hands over the book and sighs. 'But I guess if you genuinely want me to, I'll get more involved from now on.' I

frown- like do not bother yourself. 'That didn't answer my question.' He smiles again. Even creepier than before. I thought his fake teeth were going to the poop of the smile was that wide. His eyes narrowed at me. 'Yes, I was in the crowd.' My dad raises his old, wrinkled hand to keep me from speaking 'Don’t you ever freak’n interrupt me. If I had interfered, they would have killed me. Then who would keep an eye on you?' I can feel my anger rise. 'Someone who lets me get buried alive... how can you say that?' 'Yes, I had too I didn’t have a fucking choice! Okay!' I said- 'I just wanted you to give me some space, but you're meant to

protect me and look after me. It sounds to me that you wanted me to be gone.' I felt my eyes knowing they were getting teary, so I wiped away my tears before he could see my cry, like the little child he thinks I am. How did I get this why? It was slowly coming back to me.

Chapter: 3

Even so, what he does not know is that I had someone. Yes, someone that loved me more than he ever could or would, that was everything to me. However, just like my dad, he was killing me from killing me in so many ways. Killing me slowly, mentally, physically,

spiritually. It is like he holds in my breath, and I can let him out. I know the closer he gets to me, the closer he gets to kill me with his lusting voluptuous kiss. But I want it! I want to feel it! You are slowly sucking the life out of me anyway. I know you cannot help it like I cannot help loving you. That fine with me I guess, but we have not even made out yet! Or did we? 'If I have to die to have your love then so be it!' That is what I said to him. 'Just kiss me… I cannot take not having you in my life. And if my life ends then we can live in forever, together if there is an afterlife, only if that is if you choose to die for me too. As I will for you.' So, what do

you want to do? To kiss or not to kiss, that is the question! I say that I do not want you in my life, just I said to my dad. Why must I push everyone away? Nevertheless, which is just a lie. 'I want you! I must have you.' Is what I said.

Christer-James- 'I need you; I must have you! All of you! I must taste the kiss; you want to give to me. Till death do we part, with all my heart, crossed and hope to die in your arms? I know that making love to you would rip us apart.'

I recall whispering back in his cold ear- 'It’s this love you would give me that would go right through me, as we

would get ever so closer to eternal love. I want it! Do you want me? Death is the passion, I am longing for so kiss me now, and I will be forever yours! And you'll be forever mine.'

The last time… I was in the church, and I confessed my love for you. Beforehand asking if I would be forgiven, for my wrongs, even if I do not have complete faith I thought. I assumed what do I have to lose- I will try. I will get into the dress and confess everything to you. In-front of the man of God. I said 'I do's,' and so did you. I knew that it was wrong. I knew that I was too young, so young that I am not sure if I knew what love is

or what it entailed. Nevertheless, I said 'Let us do this, let us go all the way, and never look back, let us make the earth move tonight, I want to feel your breath on my young alive skin, I want to feel what it would be like when you are killing me with that kiss, as you take me for your lover now and forever. I want to be deflowered, as you place a flower on my grave and follow me to the promised land. Come and hold my hand.' That is what I said. I breathed so deeply knowing that maybe today will be my last breath of all.'

Chapter: 4

The wedding night: I remember standing there unclothed- 'I quivered, I trembled, and I felt my knees knocking together. I could see him walking towards me. Oh yes looking stronger and mightier than ever before. His manliness was just thumping in-front of me. I did not even know that was possible. Yet again- I am only fifteen years old.

My thoughts- I am so hoping that I am not making a big mistake, eager that your love for me is not fake. I do not want to be used and left for dead like men such as yourself have done to me in the past. Everything I know and love in my life, I must forsake just to have you.

Then I thought- Even if he does not love me, I know that I will never get away. He will always be looking over me, even if we do not end up together forever. Even if he does not absolutely love me, as I do him... Somehow, I know that I will never get away from his charm, never-ever be able to run away from his stony-yet glittery eyes, that make my week and lustful. He will always be looking over me, even if we do not end up together for always. I will always feel him inside me! Feeling all that is him running through my veins and driving me to complete madness. Just like the poison of that first kiss. The kiss at the altar, and now the

sucking kiss we are sharing dooring this lovemaking. He is coming into my bloodstream. I feel me pouring the toxins out my most erotic pulsating girly parts of my body. We will be bonded for life, and lives that come after. We will be like one being or so that was dreaming.

There is no escaping it now… nor do I want too. I just want it to keep on coming, it feels that good. Oh- what he is doing to me. It is ripping through me… but I love it. It is like spraying like pouring rain and it is mixing with mud on the ground under my feet. Plus, I am drizzling with his poison all over my chest, face, and my girly opening, it is all

coming out of me too, like a river of love. It must be the best feeling in this world. Yes, I am spraying the wetness, it is dripping like my eyes when he was not near me all the time in the days of the past. And when he is not near me, he creeps in my mind when he is gone. He plays with my feelings- I know this. The same way he likes to play with me in his cold candlelight bedroom.

He builds me up so far and stops, and then when he comes for me to come with him, it is even stronger, just like I come twice has hard for him. It is the same way. Just like the candle that he blows out with his expired breath, he

blows me to a place I never been to. As he crawls beside me, he blows that same icy breath on me, as he covers me with kisses, all over my little body. It is our first night sleeping together. It must be romantic! His eyes glow like the full yellow moon at midnight, which I see from the cracked glass windows that rattle as the wind gusts through the maple trees.

As I lay my tiny head on his motionless chest, I am naked and carefree and fall asleep un-top of his chilly torso, I feel that rigid body that never needs rest at all. Everything is eerily perfect… naturally, I look forward to the dawn of

daylight. In a way, I do not care if I wake up! Yes, it was just that good! Yet I must wonder what if…

Chapter: 5

Will I understand something clearly at the end of the fire down below? Or will I become exposed, everything is black I do not know… Either way, I am contented just being in the arms of my love for this night. Is it black because there is no light in the room? Or is it black because I am dying? Is this death? If so, I did not see it be like this at all. Where am I now? I slowly open my eyes… I am not sure if I see anything. I feel

fucked up in the head. Like I had the shit banged out of me. Which is possible… It happened.

Am I died or alive?

Am I alive or dead?

Is he dying with me or not?

Why am I not feeling his touch?

Am I bleeding too much?

Should I be feeling something?

I feel the air getting bleak, am I even breathing I cannot tell at this point? I never felt so alive even if this is the death, I never been so thrilled to death in my life. 'We should see the gates by

morning. We should be inside in the evening.' The kiss was everything, all that I was hoping for and more, but it is this darkness that is all that is around me now or something more.

~*~

(In the coffin)

I am just dreaming about this?

Is this happen to me?

Am I seeming people, seeing me go down?

Am I not seeing him going down with me?

Do I feel the ground encasing me?

That is when I realized I was in this wooden coffin. Was I covered over last night with the earth above? At that time, I did not know. Was I dressed in a lacey nightgown and nothing else, I was panties-less, limp, and almost motionless with a red rose on my chest? I could smell the faint scent; it was from the wedding bouquets. Was there no one there to see me other them him when I was lowered down in these six-foot wholes? Was he the one that placed this flower on me, or was it someone else?

I want to know what happened.

Did anything happen?

I will I had been my thoughts talking to me, and they were deafening. I evoke hearing every one of those nine-inch nail being hammered in my coffin, which sealed my fate. Yet was it the kiss that killed me? Was it more than a kiss? Why was I put in the ground?

If so, was I still so much alive?

Is it because of who I am?

I cannot die… or am I?

I am so confused!

What happened to me last night? I can pound on this wood till my fist is blood-spattered, or is that blood or embalming fluid? That is why I have slashes on my feet. I was drained of all my blood.

Can anyone hear me?

'Hello! Anybody out there- I need help!' The cemetery is still, with only creepy hunting sounds, which I make up in my mind in fear. I am calling out for help, nonetheless, the skeletons next to me in their timeworn boxes in this old cemetery are not answering me anytime soon. It seems that the only memo I am

getting out to the folks that walk on top of me is what is printed on my headstone. And that is not much of anything for a girl my age, I never did anything spectacular. So, all that is printed in my name, date of my birth, and the date of my death.

Will I be saved, or was I?

Why am I so muddled?

Chapter: 6

I am riddled with fear. I have no idea how long I was down there. I was only buried alive, and my father could care less about me. Yet I was not surpassed. So, I ran away from him. I could not bear to look at his face once

again. As I ran into the woods, something occurred to me. I have nowhere to go. No family that wanted me, no friends. Nothing, but everyone in town believing that I was a witch. They only believed I was a witch, and a murderer because, I was found standing over a nine-year-old dead girl's body her name was Loretta, and immediately they made their assumptions. So, I had to run and never be found, otherwise, I knew I would be dead, or sent somewhere to be put to death. I heard the town's folks saying, as I ran past like a mad girl, that they were going to throw me into the river. And if I did not drown, then I am truly a witch.

Either way, I would be dead. I knew I had to make a new life for myself. But- how, and where?

Christer-James- Affirmative, I killed her I did not want to do it. But I had other reasons for doing it. Yes, other than them saying- I had too. Yet it was the only way I could be with her, being like this is not what I wanted. I did not want to suck the life out of her, I have been dyeing myself for over a hundred years now, and I have been with a lot of girls, nevertheless, they were not like her. None of them have been as good as she was, she had me coming back for increasingly. She needs me to come as I

need her to come to me. Who I am? Well, you mere mortals? Can you call me by my current name- Chris- James Damsel? This is true that I wanted to marry for the last time. No- I did not want to suck her blood, I said that I would stop doing this, but it is like sex ones you do it with a virgin, you want to keep having it increasingly and you have a bond to them. I remember my first time. That was oh so long ago….

With her, I could not help myself. She was so young and lovely, so tight and fit. I loved her ways, and her voice, and her little smile, she was everything I ever dreamed of before I become this. I am not one of those types. I feed off the kiss and

stop before going all the way, I have had many young girls, and have taken a lot of them. In my lifespan I had many young girls like her fallen in love with me, and why not I am their fantasy man.

Yet I am not Edward Cullen, yet I am the next best thing. They just cannot help it… I do absolutely love her; I want to stop doing this. I want her to be the last girl I am with… can a fallen angel be with a girl that was alive, that he killed in a night of passion, for being what everyone thinks is a witch because of it also? Should I bring her back to life, and dig her back up to be a monster like myself? Should I saver and save her? We

would be perfect together with a witch and a fallen angel, it could be a happy ever after for both of us. I know this will piss off a lot of people out there if I do this, yet that is half the fun. Come to my surprise, I went to the grave and she was gone… Where did my love go? Come out, come out wherever you are! Oh, I see that you want to play a little game with me. Okay, I guess I must find you, my one-day-old bride. I cover my eyes and count to ten…

I am on my way my darling!

'Yes, I ran from him as I ran from all of them, was he any different, I did not

know. I was just like my dad in every way, I fear this fact. But my dad did not want to kill me, or did he? Christer-James did not want too either, or did he? Even now I want to be killed over and over by his kiss… if that is how it needs to be. I still love him. Like I still love my dad. Even if he is an asshole.

Chapter: 7

She is gone, but she is everywhere. In the air. In the soil. But she taunts me. But I smell her. She is close. Nearby. I hide behind trees and run. In a further distance, there she is gasping for air. She knows I am close; I always seem

to know when she was getting close, and I can feel her heartbeat faster than ever. Just like it was when I was about to kiss her. I ran and pounced on top of her. I watched her fall on to the ground with me on top. Yet it was not her at all, it was some random dead girl, which looked to be the age of ten or so. I got off this poor girl and was horrified. So, I ran, looking for her once more. Eager that this would not be the result again.

When I found her- she was sitting on what I thought was a rope tree swing, all alone in the thick fog she was naked. 'No- No- No!' I screamed. She was hanging in the air. I was wondering also if

I went too far, and I did. That was not her heart beating at all, not... it was the left-over blood and embossing fluid dripping from her gashed feet. It was the sound of dripping on the ground, I could see this trill also from when she was running. I am relieved that the hunger wolves did not descend on her. There is my love hanging from a nose, she knew they would find her. I know she was not afraid of me doing this. I guess she could not stand being without me. However, should I bring her to life once more, so she can truly become like me and never die? Should I, do it? Should I kiss her again to bring her back to life? Why did she do

this? Or did she? It was the angry mob- I call them wolves, with their flaming torches, swords, and pitchforks from the village, which strung her up as she was running from them; for me to find because I did not do the job, they asked me to do. I guess killing her the way I did was not good enough!

But soon I realized... I am cursed. My lips, my kisses, they are venomous as much as they are sexual, unfortunately. I kiss her and I risk killing her more. But I must free my love for my love to be with thee. I climbed the tree with more of a struggle than I thought was possible. How do people manage to climb trees, and

make it look so damn easy? I thought. She is naked. She is getting colder. I looked in my pocket and in it, I was lucky enough to have my trusty knife and cut the rope. My love- Gracie she fell to the ground, and that is when I thought I heard her make a slight gasp for air.

Did I just hear that?

Or was there someone there?

Naturally, I cut the rope, and she flopped around like a dead fish in the mud on the ground below. Then I climbed the tree once more, with her in my one arm, I did hear someone, and it was more than one. The mob of wolves is not all around

the tree, pocking us with their sharp weapons. I hope they give up soon... or before they think about lighting us up. Me being the man that I am... I saw that my girl is getting and let to hair and dirty for my liking. I could not let her be like this. So, I am going to have to find a river, or something and bath her! Before I want to give that long kiss. I men every guy wants a clean girl to French. No- I do not care if she is naked when I kiss her... just if she has slickly smooth skin. It would be more romantic!

Hum- they must have tried to grab her by that night, I put her in when she sprinted. Finally, the mob gave up

after an exceptionally long night of us sitting out on a limb high up in that tall old tree. They went back home to their families, yet I knew they would be back soon enough. Like really get a life… I walked and walked, tripping over logs and sticks in these dark and unsympathetic woods. Just holding her in my arms. Almost like a baby in the arms of her daddy. I found the river I was looking for, after walking for an exceptionally long time. Nevertheless, I ran to it. I placed her down, and then I got nude also, and I walked into the soft movie water in the moonlight, with her in my arms. Then I kissed her forehead…

saying-' I’ll bring you back to me… I will-my love.'

The river was cold but refreshing. I got the mud out and off her face, and I splashed the water all over her and rubbed her skin with my hands, I washed her long hair, and brushed it out with my fingers. I had my sharp knife with me in my hand, and I shaved my girl I did her underarms, legs, and vagina. As well as I could, I know that she would want me to do that, she is a girl. And I am her man and let us not forget I am her husband. I have a right to do this.

Plus, now it is the way I want her to be, I look at her, she is so sweet, even like this limp and not moving. She is perfect… She is completely faultless to these old eyes, as I lay her in the grass to dry off. I got down, and I lay next to her bare also. I look up at the billions of stars over us, wishing on one that she was alive, so we could just hold each other, at this very moment. Looking over the water, with the moon setting with it glowing on the reflection ripples. I lay my head on her chest on top of her nipples, but there is no sound coming with-in her torso, all I can hear is the river splashing.

It saddens me at this most perfect of moments.

If only I could have the power to bring her to life. I cried as her limp lifeless body lay on my lap. Even as she is dead, her hair shines in the moonlight. It just glimmers like the stars shining endlessly. Gracie was my heart and my soul and yet she has been taken from me. A piece of me was taken and could never be restored as her soul would never come back. I look at the dark sky with its bright full moon. If only there was a shooting star. But that's only superstitions. I remember my father talking about it as if it were witchcraft and to never believed

in it or mentioned it. That talk was the only time that we had a good moment. There were few I can assure you. But I am alone, dripping wet and cold. I know that the mob would not stop and search for me. The mob of wolves would continue to hunt me down in the daylight. I am suddenly getting hungry, and Gracie was only going to slow me down. Then the thought occurred to me, how did the mob know where to find me, and that I was still alive to I was meant to go down with her. Who betrayed me? Was it my unloving father or the girl I loved too much? I knew I had to keep going or I was going to join her. I did not want to

die. I am only eighteen, or so that is what everyone thinks. Even so, I am too young to die, and I know my future will be big. I must continue to run also, hiding and leaving the girl I loved too much in random spots. I know I will return to her one day. 'Goodbye, my love. May we see each other once again?'

Chapter: 8

I needed to kill my father to bring her back to life, he is the one that started all this. Yet I swear that I would never take another life and kissing your dad on the lips like that to me is wrong. Yet it is worth thinking about. I chopped down

several logs with my knife and rock, and made a lean-to shelter for her, I placed flowers that I picked around her now frosty body as a memorial. I had to leave her behind, it was the hardest thing I ever had to do! I just want to give up and stay there with her. Yet I knew I had to go, but not for long, I would be back for her. When I had the right spill, love potion, or a night with a shooting star. I had to find someone to help me with this rejuvenation or my love.

I did not know if it was like a dance, which I needed to do or a chant, or what. I just did not know. I was clueless at what it would take to get your back.

Who do I see about this without them thinking that I am completely crazy? Besides, would it be wrong for me to want to bring her back to life? She is the dyed girl I love, that is resting at pace now.

Treasured in my heart you will stay until we meet again someday. Death is the last chapter in time, but the first chapter in eternity. But my biggest question is will I see you there if I fail at this like my dad said I failed at everything I ever tried? God- I love to hate that man! He did nothing but abuse me. And as soon as I do, I find love… I must lose it. Is it because of him? Why- I ask? Why me… have not I been through enough pain? I

remember one of my punishments as a kid was getting locked into splintered wood head and hand locking gates, and the town would walk by spitting on me, throwing stones, my dad told everyone that I was touching myself, because I could not get a girl to have sex with me or get a date, and that was a forbidden at the time. And doing that was considered a crime. He chased them all away- it was him, not me, which was the issue!

She was the only real love I ever had...!

I recall my bastard of a father even tried to do it with my girl, asking her

to get down on her knees, the night I brought her home. I felt bad for him I let him move in here. He tried to get her to make him happy. He even touches her the same way that I have seen him touch my mother, it made me sick. I stopped him before she had to take it all down. He was falling drunk. That is why my mother let him, all those years ago. He would tie her down to the bed, and do it so many times, and shove it in so hard that she bloods out for days after. That is how I was made, he raped and sodomized her every night in ways you cannot even image, or do not want too. Now he wants to do the same with her, no it is not happening. I will not

let it. I would never look at a broom the same way. When she was fourteen, she got pregnant, and in those days, you had to marry the father of your baby.

She said that if she got away, she would never come back, not even for me. Father blames me for her leaving, plus he did not have anyone to bang or bang around anymore, so he took it all out on me. If my mother were alive today, she would be 264 years older than me. She passed by giving birth to her second baby named Ashlyn. Mother, she bled to death from tearing and ripping when she pushed her out. Ashlyn was born in the early 1700s and dyed at the age of six,

from drowning in the wash tube. I never met her... and heard it in the late 1900s and I am still alive. Sometimes I lose track of time and dates.

On the other hand, my wife was born in 1999, and she passed on this year. Good God how things have changed all these many years. I worked for the Ford Motor company in 1909, I saw the first model- T drive away. I have seen it all… I remember the Titanic making the papers, as the ship that was sinkable. I have seen all the wars, I have even been in WW2, and was shot in the head. Yet I will not die… I just stay the same age as 18. I have graduated from high school six

times, in different towns… Hell back in the early day's us boys dropped out in sixth grade, to work in the coal mines, I recall my lunch bucket scraping on the railroad tracks as I walk in the dark to work as a little one.

Yeah, I have been to school many times just so I would fit in. I have seen a lot of people die. I wonder what complete death is like… I would not know; I was kissed by death by a ten-year-old named Julianna she was the daughter of a nurse… I do not know why she picked me. She became my first love in my life, and she reminds me so much of Gracie, anyways she was a fallen angel, so was

her mom… I was deathly sick with pneumonia, in the hospital and she kissed me on the lips and that was it I was 18 forever. She was my girl until my dad had her killed, with a wooden stake through the heart. I do not know if he gave the order… yet I blame him for her death too. I have no clue how he knew that she was a fallen angel, other them the sparkle of her big blue-green eyes.

I have seen a lot of babies being born too. I became a doctor in that field, helping with childbirth, I made a promise to my mother that no girl under my care would die the way she did, legs open, vagina ripped to her butt, only to

die on the cold table, with no one caring, as the placenta is ripped out and thrown to the floor as the baby cries, for a mother that is never going to be there for her. Yes, and the only reason, I must put up with my perverted dad, is that I know that he forced a sucking kiss on Ashlyn a day before her death. So, I am not sure, he is not going to be leaving me anytime soon. Oh, and the only way I thought I could die, is if Gracie and I kissed for so long that we both suck the life out of each other, or she ran a stake in my chest. Yet that is just mythology to me. All these many years I never ask, how to die or how to live, or how to get someone back. I

wish I did, so she can live… I do not know I never asked, how this all works, it is not like today's books have it right.

Yet I want to live life with her. But what can I do? She is dead… So, saying that Gracie was the only love I had, was not so… she is the one I chooses to live the rest of my days with now, just like all the other girls, when I had them in my life. I have a love for them all, and it never- ever lasted yet never- ever dies, even if they do. I do not think I am meant to have love, make love, or be loved.

To some love is a kiss goodnight, a kiss on the forehead, a kiss while having

sex. To some love is kissing at a wedding, kissing in the rain. It goes on and on. To some love is having babies, something I will never have just like I will never grow old with my lover. To some love is a state of mind that cannot be controlled. Oh, how I know this more than most, in this hellish world we call home. To most love is just screwing nowadays that is just how it is. To me, love and kissing is a death sentence. No not for me… only for the girl that I love. They can live on resting in peace, yet here I am sullen. Why? Why must I be angry… like this? I cannot blame God; he is not the one that did this to me. It is so hard to live with something

you cannot ever- never have or get back. I do not have an answer for it or a cure.

Yet! I just must live on without them, and mostly her and deal with it… as the town's people would say. Even so… did I do anything wrong? I do not think so… do you? Am I to blame for whom I became? Was it my feeling to be picked for this? I love to death! I even love them after their death. I love them even more than the taste of their blood dripping in my mouth when I kiss them with my passion. I mean you must kiss your love to show that you love her… right?

There are so many myths about me. Like I do not feel pain, that I am cold and heartless. No- I feel pain, I feel so much pain for myself, for her, for them, and even for you. Its people like you and them that have ripped my heart out by trying to stab me with their wooden stakes. We do not need to die like that, we want to understand something clearly at last just like anyone else. Oh, and yes, I have a bed in my room even though I do not need to sleep. Coffins give me the creeps! I have seen too many in my life, I do not want to sleep in one, because of that. I can be as warm as the next guy, more than him. I am warm not in the body

but my personality. I am not a stocker, I do not try to be a player, and I do not try to be a bad boy. If a girl wants me, then she can come to me, and if she falls in love with me, I do not force her to stay; knowing the circumstances; it is her option to kiss me, and to be my girl. She can be with me in my broken heart forever! One way or the other.

Chapter: 9

I still could not fathom how the mob discovered my immortal gift. It was heartbreaking to see such people I used to know, and love turned on me so greatly. I am immortal. They fear me and

yet they used to know me. They were my friends, family, everything I used to know and yet they fear me. They have the intent to kill because they fear what they do not understand. I lived too long to see how humanity works. I was born in 1672, and yet I know the future. What if I was not just immortal? What if I was god's vessel to this world? Has God given me the knowledge of the future that has yet to come? It is the 1990s as of now, a deadly era that punishes those for being different.

Religion comes into their lives every day and I am not their friend. I am different and that sentences me to death.

I cannot stay here anymore. I had a shitty childhood that ruined me. My father turned from me, took my girlfriend's virginity, and made her his sex slave. But no more shall he live. No more shall he punish me for existing. He is a lazy bastard that needs a good punishment and good ass-kicking as well. I ran out of the woods where I had spent many nights, I hid behind my home, the house I once lived in with my love and my dad. I cannot believe this new perspective; I see things in a whole new light. This was never my home. It died when my mother died and was murdered even beyond when Gracie dead.

Death is near, I can smell it! Now it is time for me to do, what I should have done years ago, when he bent my mother over, and suck it in my butt hole. Just the way he does with all of us. I am going to cut that thing off, so he bleeds out slowly, and dies the way he should. That way he can think about what he has done to all of us and are holes. I am going to make a hole where his dick should be and see how he likes it. Indeed, it is safe to say that I have snapped, and it was love that made me crazy. I will throw it in the river so the fish have something to nibble on.

Yes- he has fucked the shit out of her, just like he did with my mother and

all the girls that were in my life. I can still hear all the sounds of ripping, blood dripping, he got his red wings every time, when he jammed it into her. The girl's every time there is calling out my name. However, he had me tied up or under his spell or something… it was like I was in a dream! I was so week and could not come to their aid. It was the same way when I was a boy, I never remember what happened. Yet I could feel it afterward. To me, it does not madder if it is the 1690 or the 1990's having oral sex then missionary sex, or ass- over, and she says no, it means no... Do not do it. Yet he never got that, now it is time for me to

get my revenge! But I could not stop him, so I am going to make sure he never penetrates another child if I live. I just do not know why I did not think about this sooner.

Yes, I did it! I cut the dangly thing off. He enjoyed it the sick twisted ass hole. I got to him when he was resting in his bed, he looks up and gives me shit. So, I cut him off, by cutting him up, down there! Now with my father out of the way and depriving me of his company. Now I can get back to my lovely love, which was left behind, to see if this worked. Before I do that- I must let some of that red stuff come out, from his make-shift spout into a

jar. It is what I need to poor in her to bring her back to life. Yes- I asked someone who knows more about this than me.

Before, I came back home. I went to see a fortuneteller, and she said- 'That to bring her back to life, I had to take the life of who damned her soul and took her virginity. She added- Make the gash from the spot where the unjustness took place. Take his blood and pour into her porthole to her soul, known as her vagina, and it should bring her back to you as she was. When you kiss her while making sweet and passionate love to her mix this in with your fluids.' I was never- ever so grossed

out in all my days. But I would do anything for her, I mean anything. Yet she was not 100% sure it would work, and I was not sure if I want to have sex with my dead wife. Plus pouring my father's blood in there and mixing it all up in there on top of it all with mine. That is so freak'n nasty! There are so many wrongs here, it must be right.

On top of that, I was not the one taking her virginity, as I should. Hell- all I was getting his leftovers, again I might add, I feel cheated like always. It is like I am eating out his leftovers too and can taste it. God- that is vile! No matter how many times you bathe a girl, you cannot

help but think someone else has been in there, and that is just not cool! Call me old-school but a girl should only have one lover in a lifetime, and that love with her should have been me. However not even this can stop me from absolutely loving her… I will try anything at this point. Who knows she might just get pregnant? That is the hope in my heart that she and I have a baby. If it is possible… for us, and if everyone would back off, and let it happen.

I know the mob of wolves would see her big pregnant belly, they would hold her down and cut her open and rip my baby out. Like a helpless little girl…

they would kill her. I could see it now, them sticking her… ending it all before it starts. I can see her small nude body with the cord attached… go limp, and I would lose yet another love of my life. I do not know if I could take seeing that.

My life just keeps getting increasingly disturbing, but so real. Really- it has always been this way, all the way back to that day, that I become one of these fallen angels.

Chapter: 10

So, I just keep on running, running, and running! She is gone…! There is nothing worse than waiting and

not knowing what will happen. Your imagination can be crueler than any kidnaper. Who would take her from her resting place? I must find her. I just hope that the mob did not burn her body if they did nothing will ever bring her back to me. I will never- ever stop loving her! I will look for her until I cannot look anymore.

I am haunted. Haunted by all my dark childhood. I have been cheated of having a good life. I had a bastard of a father. I had my mother's life ripped out of my life. I had my one true love stolen from me, and yet her soul has not been strong enough to fight death. Death is all

around me. I have been kissed by death and it still was not enough to comprehend. I came back vigorously, and love that would never die. Here I stand in the middle of the lagoon covered with long grass, a pretty lake that glimmers in the sun. I felt empty. The mob of wolves stole her from me once again. I ran towards a small house in the woods and took the damp clothes that hung on the line. I heard a small twig break from a distance, I turned and saw a farmer with a rifle glaring at me with bloodthirsty eyes. 'Damn it. Please Mr., please. I just need to find my wife- Gracie. Please, just let me pass through and I will let you

live.' I held my hands up. 'You're the guy, the council buried. How the hell did you live?' The farmer continued to hold the rifle up. I gulped and run hearing gunshots following me as I ran further into the woods. I knew I had been hit many times.

I came upon a 1932 ford, which was left in his field, it was sitting in the farmer's lawn, one crank and I got it running, and it was backfiring away. Now the search is on…! The farmer was pissed I jacked his classic car. He was shooting his gun at me. It looked like a scene from a Bonnie and Clyde movie. Nevertheless- I was on the run. Hauling ass and driving

fast. It is going to be a lot faster to find her, with a car!

Thank God, it is the 1990s. There are no cellphones yet in everyone’s hands to reveal your locations or Global Positioning System or GPS to follow your trail. As I stepped harder on the gas pedal, I saw in the cracked mirror, the farmer running out onto the road screaming his guts out. 'He ran out of bullets.' I chuckled in laughter. Then something occurred to me, I had not laughed this much since my last memory of being with Gracie. I drove as fast as I could. Suddenly a deer ran into the road, and I swerved onto the other side of the

road, nearly driving off the upcoming bridge, and fell into the water. I screamed in fear, like a little schoolchild. My name is Christer- James and I are a fallen angel, who is about to drown in water that cannot kill me. Why am I screaming my head off like such a pussy? I know better than this.

I have had a lot of names, throughout the years, to keep up with the times. So, people would not be able to track me down, as I fled from town to town. Christer- James is not the name I was given by my mother. I cannot reveal my true name to you. I am not sure I can

trust you with that information. Sorry, it is not you, it is me.

I thought about everything that has happened to me. So much darkness's have consumed me whole, and I cannot overcome it. But it was my death that made it permanent. I am a creature of the night, who can survive in the light. But I am not stereotyped by fallen angles who sparkle in the light or ones who can burn in the sunlight or have daylight rings to protect them.

I can walk in the light and not be damned by others. But that is no longer true. I am a stranger among those

who knew me and loved me. I stayed in the water thinking and daydreaming of the memories that did me well thinking about how my sister drowned and how the water must have consumed her lungs. Sucking in more water. I was frightened by that fact, and I turned away in shivers and swore I saw her face looking into mine. It was not her I see… No- It was a middle-aged man with a beard, hazel eyes, and dark tan skin. He wore an outfit of a religious man thought I was drowning I was just flowing.

He pulled me and directed me to swim, but I was not going to budge. He grew angry and impatient and his hold on

me tightened. He was going under to help me. He was not going to let go, and I could not let yet another person die. So, I swam above, and he gasped for air. 'Geez, man, you got a death wish. Why didn’t you swim, you know you can’t keep your head underwater for more than a minute or so?' He gasped more. 'Maybe I just wanted to stay there and drown,' I answered and looked away from him. 'Why?' He asked in confusion. 'Because I lost her,' I whispered in sadness.

Lost?

Who?

What?

When?

Did he ask?

~*~

Her…! I spoke.

Who is this girl? And what did she do to you? He said.

'Oh- just the gal that set my soul a-firer.'

I whipped- 'Oh never mind it’s hopeless, just like I am hopeless.' 'Have some hope,' the man said.

I said- 'Hope! Hope is for babies and people that are alive that doesn’t know how to live.'

I said- 'You didn’t need to save me…' 'Um,' is the sound he made?

'I don’t need saving.'

'You can't save something like this.'

'What are you saying, my child?'

'What am I saying… I am saying that I can last forever.'

'That I can’t perish.'

'Impossible!' The man said.'

'I should bite- you so you could understand.'

'The hell I have lived. You could never understand it.' 'Bit me,' he said?

'Nah- that’s okay you’re not a young girl so I think not.'

So, you have a lust for the flesh?'

'Yes… biting and kissing is my whole problem, that’s something you’ll never understand.'

'Confess my son.' he said to me.'

I said- 'What’s the use, my soul has been dammed.'

Then he said- 'Oh no but you are wrong, any soul can be saved, my child. Confess and the Holy Ghost will lead you

on your way. To her whomever she is… Dry your eyes my son there is no need to cry blood.'

'I know I am not being much of a man.'

He said- 'You’re in love!' I nodded- yes.

He said- 'That's all it is. You will see her when the time is right if it is meant to be so. But you have to have faith in her and God above you.'

'Indeed. I am in love. But love, in love I am so cursed. Damned to never love another. I am dead as she is dead. She is missing and I must find her.' I wiped away

my tears and watched him immediately jump up and out of the water. 'So, are you coming? Let us see the lord guide us down the path to your love. What is her name?' He asked and led me to his truck and twisted his wet damp clothes. He also said it is time you put on yours.

On the bank next to the truck. I said- 'Yes, damned if I do, and damned if I don't.' 'Before we go you sure you don't want to be baptized?' Yes, I am sure, you might do that, and you will crumble to ash or something like that, for your safety I am going to say no. Did he whisper- Oh? I am not saying that I do not believe your ways, I do. I was razed to believe it; it is

just I am not sure what would happen to me. Being this way that I am. Like I might turn to stone. Then he asked me the most random question: So, do fall angles use a bathroom? I said- 'I haven’t taken a shit, in years, ironic everyone piles theirs on me!' Then I said- 'Why did you ask me that?' 'Because I need to find a bathroom soon! Fallen angles frighten the poo out of me!' 'Don’t worry, I only suck on girl!' He giggled awkwardly. I snickered, he made me laugh. The second time since her death. 'Don’t fear I am not going to hurt you.' If anything, you are my first friend. The first person to ever trust me, and that trust, and not think something

evil. He said- 'Okay friend... will find her. Do you see those sun rays over yonder... our God is showing us the way?' 'I believe that!' I said… (With surprising newfound faith.)

Chapter: 11

'With the lord, he will help guide the way. Come heartbroken person and let us start walking. We are there. The lord tells us it's not far.' He leads me into the woods and furthers the watery spot. I have been led to an old warehouse that seems secret because I have never seen it before. I hesitate before going in. He may be leading me into a trap. There is a

saying. 'Don't trust anyone and keep your friends close and your enemies closer.' He is neither friend nor foe because I do not know him closely to decide. Yet I had trust... but not fully trust, I walk in and gasp. There is a body on a table covered with black cloth. I rushed over to open the veil and suddenly I gasped more. I found her. There she was lying on the table looking at me with no soul nor life. I noticed she was still naked, and that sheet covered her body. I turned over to the priest and hugged him. He jumped but smiled. 'Uh- If anyone asks, I never hugged you.' I quickly took a step back and rubbed my neck nervously. I went

back to Gracie, not caring about what was surrounding me, and picked her up and carried her out. I walked out and tripped over a wire and before I knew it. I am being thrown into the air being surrounded by a net with Gracie's dead body. 'Hey, Priest guy! A little help!' I called out and saw him come to my rescue but was knocked on the head by a mob member and been taken away by others in the pack. 'So, I finally meet the creature of the night. Hello Christer-James. If that is your real name.' He crossed his arms in a wicked way. It looks like I am not going to get out anytime soon.

He walked up to me, I was just hanging around, 'So it was all an act? You set me up, didn’t you?' 'No!' Out of the shadows, a man slithered out, and said- 'It was not him; it was me!' I knew the voice- it was my dad! 'Son you never were good at anything, not even killing me.' 'I prayed and prayed to him to bring you here. You have two options, give me your body and soul or I take hers. Either way, son you’ve failed.' He said- 'Son I would not mind at all living the rest of my days in her beautiful body, as a girl. As you know I have no adulthood now because of you. I am the one that wants you to go. I do not like you, I never did I wanted to kill you

from the day you popped out of your mother. You are just like my dad in every way. May he rot in hell! Son no one wants you in this town.' 'Yet if Gracie because me, I can stay here, just like you I have been on the run.' (I did not believe a word my dad said. I never did, he just wants to live in her so I die he knows that would kill me.) The holy man said- 'Put your trust in the Lord your ass belongs to your dad now.' Then he said- 'I must go now, sorry sonny, you are never alone, God be with you, and if you’re not guilty; you have nothing to be afraid of in the eyes of the Lord. Let God have mercy on your soul.' 'Hey! - Hey!' He never looked back

at me, and into the sun he went out the wood sliding doors. Then I remembered that I had my knife. Think Christer- James thinks to plan… I need to cut this and then cut him up into little pieces and light the pieces on fire before he clams her soul. Mine is already gone. Yet how? With my tiny love in my arms, how is this going to work? Whatever I do I have to move swiftly! All at that same moment I could not help but look into the closed eyes of my beloved. Her eyelashes long and shut tightly, her hair awe taking, with soft springy waves. It was like she was asleep, dreaming the most wonderful and darling fantasy ever. It was like she was smiling

at me like she knew I was there with her as if I was her hero! I no- it is like she can slightly feel that I am with her. Yet I feel as if I will never trust again.

Yes- this act of betrayal of the first friend I had for a while had surely hurt me in ways you could never imagine. How a priest could turn so good to evil in a matter of seconds. God or the Devil had clouded his judgment. I had to get out and help my sweet Gracie before they could tarnish her anymore. I grabbed the knife and cut the ropes and we both fell to the ground with a loud thud. I put her over my shoulder and ran as fast as I could. I ran like the wind with a whooshing sound

and headed to the car. I kept driving until I realized something in a fairy tale story I once read. There was a prophecy that there was a special vial that could bring a dead person back to life. I must go and endure the most challenging trails to get there, but anything is worth having my Gracie back, who has been kissed by death.

Chapter: 12

'The Vial of Secrets' A secret, of love, a secret of life, and a secret of bringing someone back to life. It was not so much as a fairytale, as it was more something I read in Romeo and Juliet. So,

the journey endures, now for a pink poison that works in reverse. I left a part out, as I ran out my dad got tangled and trapped in the net that I was in with her, that is when he fell to the wooden floor. That was meant for me, and before getting in the same car to escape (Oh the farmer was in it too, he knew I would take this car.) Like a bat out hell. I snatched the gas can in the back seat, and ran back, and let that place up, I saw him burn. The heat of the flames in my old still heart was thrilling! With any luck that is the last time, I must see his face in my life. Yes- a vial just like the lime green ones, which I can drink that takes me to a

different time and a different place. Almost like a different life altogether. The green vials are what I have used thought-out my life span to go from the 1990's back to the 1600s. I would love to see the 2000's!

I was thinking in my mind: I am not so dumb after all… I am I father?

I kept on driving and turning down roads. I am curious, if anyone sees me, I must not be followed. I looked back and hid my car in the bushes as I went to our secret place. It was a little cabin out of town, where we would both hide and express our true nature. She is my little

witch, and I am her big fallen angle. I went inside and the floor creaked. I lifted the carpet, opened the hideout, and picked up a piece of paper. That paper is the most important thing to me now. It will mark my future. I looked at it. I was right, the map was still there. I grabbed it and jumped back into my car. I must get to Mount Vahalla if my life depends on it.

The funny thing is that it does. Everything is counting on me to get the pink vial.

I have gone over paved roads, which are smooth like her body. I have now gone over dirt paths, like the ground

she has been covered over with. I have even walked where there was no path at all, just like I did to find here from day one. But now it is to get the vial, so I can get you back to me, so we can live our life. I looked high; I looked low. I have looked inside, and I have looked outside, I have felt her insides, I have felt around the outside. I have swum in the waters, on the way, I have lived in this car from day to day. I have fed off the blood of the mobbing wolves, howling at the full moon to trap me, in the woods. I kill them so they will not kill me. All for her! As you know, I cannot kiss her the way I should stay alive and thrive. If I do not find this

vial soon, I will get so week I break down to nothing. Or at least that is how I feel; I am not sure what will happen to me. I am not sure what will happen to her, I must be her hero, I must be!

As I drove as fast as I could, the tires burned the road, and every time the gasoline or tires went out, I just hotwired a car and continued to drive. Nothing was going to stop me. Nothing. After five hours of driving, I finally reached Mount Vahalla. I sighed in relief and started to climb up the mountain. It is going to be a while before I get there, thank God I am not affected by the high altitude. Thank

God, I am a fallen angel. A fallen angel in love.

'This would have been a lot faster if only I would have had her broomstick!' I left her in the car in the dark trunk. I have no keys, and that is a good thing, but the doors are unlocked, but there was no selection but to leave her behind like I did before. It is not like I had a donkey to put her and me on to reach the Promised Land. I covered the car with willow branches, alone with her nude torso, at the base of the mountain. 'I am on my way now my love, I said.' before leaving her. It is like she trembles, for knowing my absences, or she could see the

forthcoming, I ran my fingers through her hair. Besides, closed the truck with a thud. I knew the only way to get it open would be with pure power in busting the latch. And after… I have this vial! I will be able to rip the car apart with my bare hands! Here we go again, the never-ending climbing battle for love! I hit the lock button on the door knowing that it would not be opened.

It always looked easy to climb a mountain, and I used to envy those with the strength to be able to climb a mountain and be just an ordinary person. I sighed and grumbled as I had only been climbing for about five minutes and I was

not even close to reaching where I needed to go. I grabbed the next rock and suddenly little pebbles started to fall. 'That isn't a good sign.' I looked around trying to find another avenue I could try to get to the point of my destination. I tried to grab another rock and climbed up one until the rocks holding me up collapsed, and I fell off feeling like I was flying in midair for a few seconds before meeting the ground and feeling agony in my back. 'Fuck!' I screamed in pain. If I cannot enter the mountain by climbing it, I will have to find another entry point. But I am too close to stop now.

Chapter: 13

I am past the point of no return. I must have her love, or I will surely die. I was on the face of the rocks, I had three points of contact, my hand, one foot, and my left nut. I was just hanging there, could not go up, could not go down. I need a way up there, which is when, I feel like a stone, and when my only green vial in my jacket broke, 'Oh Bloody Hell' I said, somehow I jumped in time to 2016, everything was so different… a man walked up to me, he had a phone on his wrist, and all kinds of gadgets that I have never seen before, that would beep, ring, and talk. He said- 'Why are you lying on the ground.' I said- 'I am trying to get to

the top.' That is when he said- 'You- dumb ass take the inclined plane to the top it’s only three dollars.' So, like a moron, I get up and walk in line and hand the teenage girl, which runs the ride, my timeworn money. She looked at me like I was a worm! That is when I realized the car was gone, and there was a resort at the top of the mountain, and I was all out of green vials. So now what am I going to do? Now I need to get back to that time, I was in…! And now I need to get the pink and green vial made. But where and how?

Here I am lost stuck in a time zone that is not ready for me. I looked around me absorbing in my pristine

environment and realized I am in a time zone year ahead of me. I saw a hot blond skinny jogger running past me, and I tapped her on the shoulder. 'Hi, miss, I'm a bit lost. Can you tell me what the date is and where exactly I am?' I asked her sweetly. 'Uh, - Sir. Did you have a lot to drink last night? What the hell are you wearing?' She crossed her arm as she looked at me up and down. 'Yeah- I drank a lot of bourbons, and I had a costume party. Could you please let me know where I am and what time I'm in?' I asked her about getting impatient. 'Oh- you must've had a lot to drink. You are in California and the year is May 5th, 2016.

Does that help- smart ass?' She asked looking at me with concern. 'Thanks- miss.' I smiled and walked off. I am in 2016, this is going to take me a while.

Really- I just wanted to slap her into last year, she was so belligerent but so good to look at. She did not even make eye contact with me! I know- she was shy but come on, I am not that fucked up in the face! Or is it because guys do not wear capes anymore? I smell bad. Looking at her like what are those strings hanging out of her short shorts- slacks? One is a white braided thing in the front, and the other two soft pink ones by her butt? My God if they get any shorter, she

is going to have to powder to more cheeks and cut another head of hair! They do that now, all the time, would that be a good thing. Did I just see her nipples popping out at me too, though her skimpy white top?

Damn girl goes and puts something on! Global warming must be true? Just look at all these teen girls half-naked. My God- I find myself standing here half-hard, and drilling. Look at that shit around their eyes that is black, they have more eye shadow around their eyes than I do mine. How can their faces be so gorgeous and flawless? Is what I doing now cheating? God, I need to get back

before I nail one of these little girls! Or worse kiss them! Surely if I did that, I would nail my coffin. If I would get caught! Oh, if she would find out! How tempting, this is… I never have seen so many good-looking girls like this. I walk around like a nomad, almost getting run over by all the cars. How things have changed just since the 1990s! It is like being on a different planet if you go back to the 1600s. What is McDonald's doing everywhere you look? That shit would kill you, but everyone is eating it. Just like what is with all these big ass ladies' doing just walking around in the Wall-mart at 3 am? Go home! I have never seen so much

'Junk' in one place! I feel like I am walking around in the twilight zone!

I cannot believe how attracted I was to a girl from another time. A girl who is in another world, who would shit herself, if she knew half of the things about my life. But I would love to bend her over and rip off her shirt...Oh shit! What the fuck am I thinking? I am smarter than that to follow my sexual desires. My heart belongs to Gracie anyway, we would never see each other again, so it is not worth it. I reassured myself. I needed to find a way out of this world. I looked around me and went down

to every bloody shop of a clairvoyant pretending to be one.

'What the hell? Doesn't anyone know honesty and manners anymore? I mean come on!' I growled in frustration and found myself at the last existing 'Witch shop.' I walked in and asked her to tell me what I needed just by touching me. A middle-aged woman around her twenties touched me, and I finally got the answer wanted. She knew exactly who I was, and what I was doing at this time. She brewed a potion without mentioning a word to me and finally put it in the vial. I swallowed the entire vial and suddenly my world changes all around and I am

back at Mount Vahalla. I sigh in relief and attempt to jump as high as I can to get to the top. I could not believe what I saw with my eyes. It was a lake full of lava and on the other side, there lay the special potion I so needed. This is going to take a while.

I needed to make a rope bridge, after that thought, I was like something is not right! I remember I drank blue vial, and it did send me back. But there is one big problem, it turned me into a little green serpent with a cape. I look like a fucked-up Kermit the serpent, after a long night of smashing and drinking. I could see myself in the car paint! Now hopping

around I could see everything, but with like beer goggles on. That is what I got for wanted to make one of the girls back there! She read my hart, hands, and thoughts, and must have put that in the mixture.

I believed that there would be side effects, but nothing like this… how am I going to get the trunk open now like this, I do not even have any thumbs, I could not jack it… you know even if I wanted too. I knew the only way I would be turned back into me is to kiss the girl that is my true love on the lips. Or at least that is how the story should go. 'I know why she did this… I was cheating in my

mind, and she didn’t like it, all witches stick together, this is payback.' Yet which lips do they mean? What do I kiss the valval or mouth?

In my mind I was thinking dirty, will at least I have the tongue for it. I will have to kiss both sets of lips on her body and see what happens. That is if I can find a way up there! Good thing she dies, I do not think girls like her like kissing serpents! Yet how do I get into this car like this now, and get where I need to go? So now I need to kiss her, to become a man, and I need to kiss her for her to become alive, and yet I still need to get that pink vial. You know... call me

delusional but, who wanted me in her bed, and wanted to play with my broomstick? She seemed to be into me, like she knew that I had something she needed. She did not want me to go. She did not want me to kiss Gracie, she tricked me. I need to stop trusting random-ass witches! I will be lucky if I do not get warts and knowing me as they will be on my genitals! At this point, I would just be happy to get my six, and one-half inches back like before. This girl is killing me, but that is love!

I fell off a cliff and thudded to the ground. I looked around and found my car. Thank God, she is still in there, I

managed to see in through a little rust hole. Then I realized that I cannot open the door because I have no hands. I frowned and shook my head. How was I going to get myself out of this?

Then it just hit me, I need to find a lily flower and a four-leaf clover and mix it with some monthly blood of the girl I love, that is the potion I need. I hope that is all right. Before I kiss her lips, and I become a man! I will do it myself, like always. So, I hopped around and nibbled on a lily that was in the parking lot. I hopped around till nightfall till I found a four-leaf clover. Thankfully, there was a rust hole in the back of the trunk of the

car that I slithered into after falling on my ass several times. Anyways, I got the blood I needed when I was liking her up and down. I heard a ticklish giggle. The blood was old, but it was there deep inside, the taste of it was indescribable, and I kissed both lips in two jumps, now I did not know what was going to happen. I saw what looked like magic dust puffing in the air, yet that was the only light I could see. Something happened it just got cramped in here… but what? I had to go by feel.

Chapter: 14

Holy shit! I have a penis, and no longer look like one! I am a man; I am a man…! I cannot believe it I am a man! I never knew how nice it was to have to rearrange my nut sack. I have legs, I have arms, and let us not forget about their thumbs! Eyes! Do I have eyes? Please, the sacred voice asking God tells me that I have eyes. I can see! I can see! Holy fuck! And yet again, it is dark in this trunk, so maybe that is it.

Here I am cramped in my fucking small truck. God, I feel sorry for anything that I packed here. I am on top of Gracie who needs some clothes, but I cannot do that until I get the potion. All this bloody

trouble for some fucking resurrection. I rearrange myself and kick open the trunk with my incredible fallen angle strength, and I jump out feeling a chill in the air.

Rain is blistering heavily towards me and her. I see from my left eye what is left of my trunk, and I frown realizing it. There is no way I will be able to fix this or put it back on my car. I jumped up high and reached the same position I was in. I found myself in front of a lava pool with very weak and delicate steppingstones. I could see from a distance a beautiful sparkle of the vial I so desperately needed. 'Well, here I go,' I whispered to myself and jumped onto the first step,

almost falling into the pool. Sunlight could not kill me, but lava would. I jumped again and sighed in relief that I made it. I continue jumping until I am halfway across the pool to the vial.

I see it! It is closer. My heart leaps in joy, but I cannot stop now. Not when she is exposed and easy to get kidnapped. I jumped onto the last step onto the landing. I walk up to the rock holding the vial. 'Only those who have worthy intentions may be allowed to take such a vial.' A voice calls out from a distance. Could it be that I stepped on a vocal recording or is there someone

already there watching my every move and ready to take what I so need?

'Who is your daddy!' the voice calls out; I look behind me I see him; with my girls' legs slung... one over each of his shoulder, her hair and head dangling downwards. I thought I killed you, I screamed! 'Son- son- son boy you'll never kill me! I am just like you until I get the love I need. You, daddy, thinks it is time for your bedtime story, while I tuck and suck on your girl in me in my bed! What do you think about that?'

I said- 'Fuck no you douche-bag!' 'Son- you need to go and suck on some

soap, with that dirty mouth of yours! Anyways there is nothing you can do about it.' Now the fighting begins I must push him into this hot stuff, so I can get my hot stuff back. He has gotten me on the edge, after throwing her to the ground, like she was a rag doll, I knew that something of hers broke. Yet I had to think about me for the time being. How is it going to be me… or him! Whose love for her is stronger?

I fucking hate this guy. One would imagine the bloody bastard has nine lives, but it is ironic since I have more than just nine lives. He smirks as he watches me figuring out how- I was going

to stop him for once. But I had the advantage of him, but with the lava, so did he. I jumped, and kicked him in the stomach, watching him fall to the ground with me standing on top of him like a surfboard. He grabs my ankles, and I trip feeling my hair touch a little bit of lava, that was so damn hot, it was like fire in my hair.

I yelp and move away and watched him punch me in the face three times. I could feel my sour blood spill from my mouth until I realized, Blood is my friend. I leap up and grab his neck and lift him choking him out. I walk over and hold him over the lava pool. 'Son. Let us

talk about this. I am sorry. Please don't let go of me!' He begged and I looked over to my Gracie, and I thought about how he wanted to sexually assault her like he sexually assaulted my mother. He was the one man who could make me regret having him as my father.

I dropped him, and he screams as he falls into the lava. I sped away from the lava and watched it consume him whole. I turned around and picked up my vial and poured it down Gracie's porthole to the soul. I understood something clearly at last of her soul start to brighten as her skin color became white once again. She opened her eyes and saw me.

She jumped and moved away. 'Gracie. It is me. It is Christer- James. Do you remember me?' I crawled towards her, and she looked down screaming, even more, covering the private parts of her body.

Her first words she said snakingly- 'W- Why th- the fuuu-cckk, am I na- naked?' Then she proceeded to say freaking out. 'Do you see all this come and blood dripping out of me? Like you could have shot it on my face for all I care, not deep inside me!' she asked me- 'Did you do this to me?' I just looked at her in awe! She kept running at the mouth- 'If you did… you know that I’m not

on the pill!' I just looked dumbfounded thinking all girls or on that shit at least they are now. 'You know this right?' I said 'No.' What, you’re going to have a fat pregnant wife.'

'Yes, know when a girl is pissed when she starts moving her hands around like Beyoncé!' Now in my mind, I was thinking this question- 'Is she, or isn’t she? Or worse who’s the daddy?' I was hoping it would all drip out. (Dr-ip! Dr-ip!) And it would not be he is the seed that impregnates her. That is when I thought there must be a virgin vial also? Just like there is a pill to stop her from getting pregnant. But do I need to stop it… would

this baby be mine? Or would I kill my baby? Or would I be killing his? There must be something, I can do before she rips my dick off, and slaps me up with it! But what?

I knew I had to ask the question which would change my life. 'Is the baby mine?' She lifted her shoulders in question. 'I don't think so.' My heart raced, feeling more rage than ever. He is dead and yet he still torments me. 'Is it my father? You do not need to ever worry about him anymore. He's gone out of our lives forever.' I grabbed her wrists and she quickly moved away and started jumping on the steppingstones. 'Gracie?' I

asked in concern and followed her. 'No! Leave me alone! I do not know who you are! You’re so not the man I thought you were.' She continued to get further away from me. I wonder how long it will take for her to realize she has no idea where she is.

This is horrifying to me, but I could see that baby coming out looking like my dad, or even being my dad oddly enough, like being born again out of her. Just popping slightly out… 'Looking like Achmed the Dead Terrorist!' Then something inside me just snapped. (One eye twitched twice.) 'I am done, I am just done fighting for her.' I thought- 'There

comes a time where every man reaches his breaking point. And mine was when she thought I would do that to her or let him have his way. She holds me responsible, regardless? Like I was deviant demonic sick-o.'

(There comes a time when you must let her go.) If she wants me, she will come back to me… right? Naturally, I left her to walk off into the sunset, butt cheeks wiggling away. (Am I going to regret it?) I do not know yet. So… I am thinking about her already. In nine months, I will know if I am a daddy or not. Even though she thinks… I have no way of truly knowing. She is going by feel and

that is not always right. She will be back if she loves me! That is not if the mob of wolves do not find her and the baby first. And do what I said they would. But I am just DONE! I wonder where she is going to go now. I wonder what I am going to do without her now.

She is naked running across a pond of lava, who is already four weeks pregnant. She is my love navigating a world that has moved on from her death. I could not just leave her. 'Perhaps I could watch her from a distance and protect her when she needs it. I thought. I saw that she had finally reached the other side and I continued to follow her. 'I don't trust

you, but where the fuck am I?' Gracie covered her boobs and vagina. 'Mount Vahalla. Look at least let me drive you back to your hometown, and you can get some clothes. Here takes my jacket.' I gave her my jacket and she took it.

'TURN AROUND!' She screamed, and I turned around when I did not, and she put the jacket on, and I spun around and led her to my truck. 'What do you remember?' I asked trying to have a conversation. 'Nothing. I can't remember anything.' She sat hunched overlooking out the window, fogging it up with her breath. I put on the heater and heat started to come out through the vents.

She screamed until she inspected the vents closer. 'Why do you drive so fast?' 'It’s Just a fallen angle thing,' I said.

'What is it?' she asked dumbfounded. Looked at her and it just hit me, she is not a fallen angel or a witch, she is just a teenaged girl. After all this, she is just the way she was before all this took place. I went along with it. 'It's not all just stifling air coming out. Even if we do not breathe- It helps in keeping bodies like ours warm, to feel loved- do you like it, this feeling?' I replied keeping my eyes on the road. 'It burns my skin.' She looked at me. 'Yes, that happens when your skin is cold. But do not worry,

it won't hurt you unless it's on higher.' I smiled. Knowing that it was frostbite.

'I believe you.' She smiled with a sparkle in her eye. 'You do remember me. Don't you?' I smiled. 'How could I ever forget the love of my life? I love you Christer- James. And I am pregnant, I created a potion to prevent myself from getting pregnant by your father before raped me. I remembered what you said to me. So, I am fine and thank you for being me back to life. So instead of going back there, why don't we go and explore the world like France and get me some clothes.' She chuckled and held my hand.

I laughed and we both listened to old music as we rode into the sunlight.

Nine mounts later a new-fallen angle baby was born. A little girl that was all ours, we named Faith. We both reached the successful conclusions that we want so badly, and found love within love, by having something and someone to love more than life itself.